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ABSTRACT

This text is the first of three volumes which present lessons in world culture. Lessons are presented in various contexts, frequently in the context of issues pertinent to the biomedical interdisciplinary curriculum. The text discusses various world cultures and many aspects of cross-cultural relationships. The effects of cultural characteristics on health and environment are discussed. Numerous photographs, readings, and anecdotes are provided. (RE)

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BIOMEDICAL SOCIAL SCIENCE

UNIT II

HEALTH, CULTURE AND ENVIRONMENT

STUDENT TEXT, PART ONE

REVISED VERSION, 1975

THE BIOMEDICAL INTERDISCIPLINARY CURRICULUM PROJECT

SUPPORTED BY THE NATIONAL SCIENCE FOUNDATION

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The materials in this Unit are about culture. They have been compiled and edited by the staff of the Biomedical Interdisciplinary Curriculum Project from many sources. In some cases these sources are identified in the text. When they are not so identified, they are either original writing by a member of the BICP staff or they are materials used with the permission of the American Universities Field Staff of Hanover, New Hampshire. Because the AUFS has gathered information for many years on many cultures, they have assisted the BICP staff immeasurably in the task of presenting illustrations, readings, and activities that help explain aspects of many cultures. We acknowledge and thank them for their assistance.

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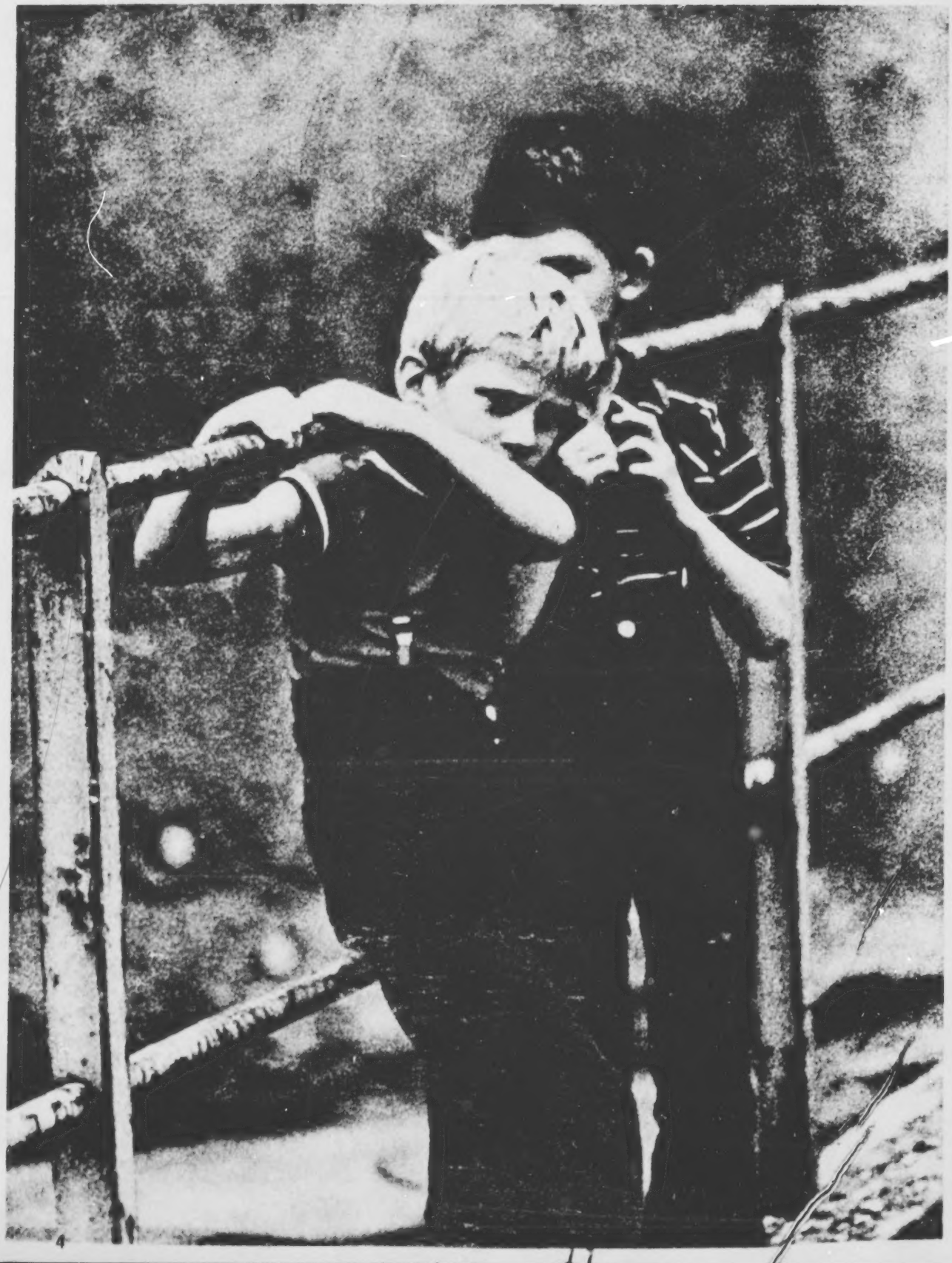

QUESTIONS TO CONSIDER

1. What do these photographs suggest about people in your culture?
2. Do you react differently to pictures of people of different ages? Why?
3. Do you think these photographs accurately represent the people in your culture?
4. Can you find an equal number of photographs to create a more valid representation of people in your culture?

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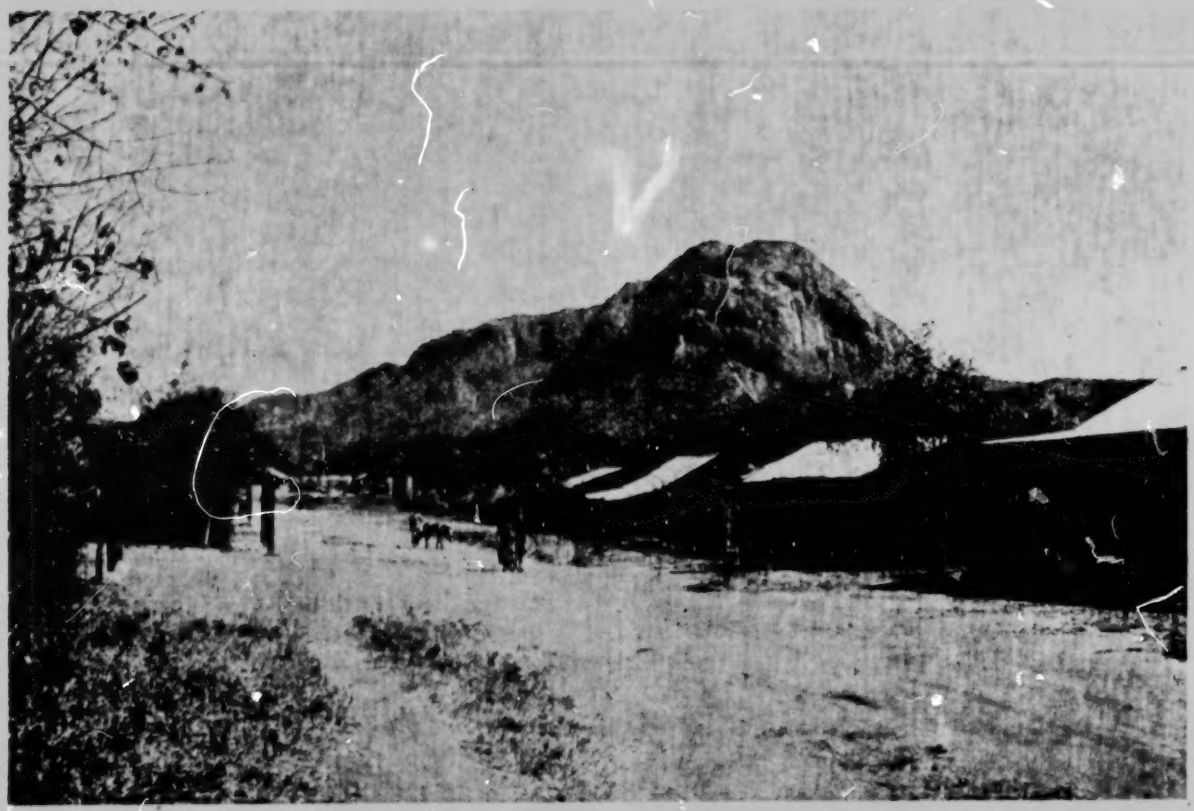
FACES OF THE BORAN



FACES OF SINGAPORE

Indian (Tamil) artisan

Indian (Tamil) watchman

Chinese schoolgirl

Chinese construction worker

Indian (Tamil) watchman

Chinese clerical officer

Chinese secretary, CEPTA-TV

Chinese grandmother

Malay driver

Chinese driver

Malay satay seller

CEPTA-TV graphic artist

CEPTA-TV carpenter

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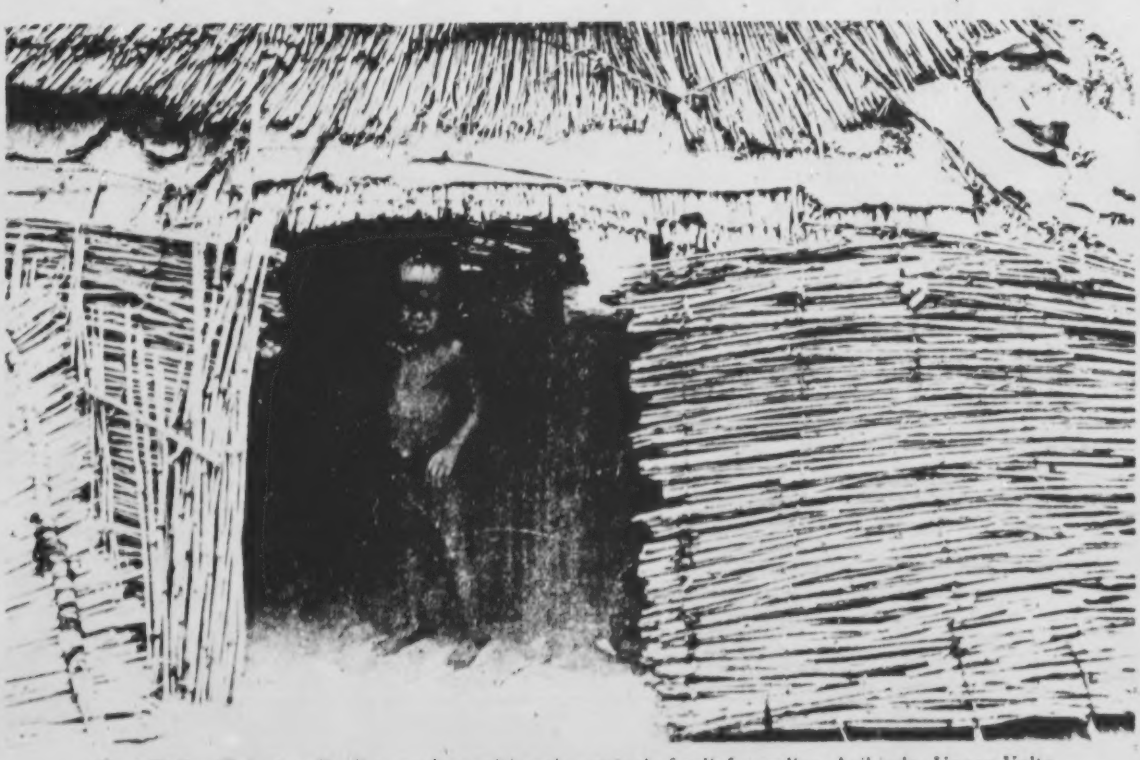


(Top) Fulbe (Fulani or Peul) nomads awaiting the arrival of relief supplies. Aribinda, Upper Volta.
(Bottom) One of many thousands of malnourished children.

(Top) The military have been sent to remote posts to oversee the distribution of relief supplies and to maintain order. (Bottom) Distributing food in the village of Dori, Upper Volta.

(Above) A Bororo woman, one of the many nomad refugees who are now destitute.

(Above left) Niger's extreme poverty, aggravated by the present drought, has left tens of thousands of people destitute.

(Left) Inhabitants of Aribinda (Upper Volta) awaiting distribution of relief supplies.

READING: CULTURE AND PERSONALITY

It is difficult to define personality without reference to the culture in which a personality functions. Likewise, it's difficult to consider culture without including the people and their personalities that are a part of that culture. Personalities shape culture, and culture includes personalities. Newborn children are without culture; they do not carry in their minds ways of behaving and thinking that are characteristic of their culture. They learn these ways (through a process called enculturation) as they grow in the culture. In turn, the fact that they have learned these ways of behaving and thinking contributes to the presence of a culture.

Every personality has its unique qualities; in any culture it is true that people behave differently. Yet within a culture it is also true that there are similarities in thinking and acting. This is why, for example, eating habits differ among cultures and foods that are preferred in one culture are shunned in another. Cultures can be described (if they are not too large and diverse) according to the sorts of personalities they encourage. In some cultures competition is valued; in others it is considered rude to compete with others. In some cultures children are expected to remain silent in the presence of adults; in others children are encouraged to speak up. In some cultures women are expected to obey men; in others women and men are considered equal. These behaviors (silence in the presence of elders, subservience to men, and competitiveness) are all indicators, or characteristics, of a culture.

It's possible to see and record these behaviors. An observor can report that persons he observed eat with their hands (rather than utensils), that they express hostility during games, that they reward some jobs or positions in the culture more than others, or that they make decisions by getting the opinion or vote of every member of the culture. By assembling these observations it is possible to get some sense of what the culture resembles. But it is not possible to observe culture itself. It is an abstract concept, like power, or authority. Because culture is abstract, knowledge of the concrete, observable personalities that occur in a culture is one important source of knowledge about the culture.

In the following seven readings, seven different personalities are described, each in terms of the culture in which it is found. Select at least one of these seven personalities and read about it. In the next class discussion, the impressions you have gained from your reading will be compared with impressions gained by persons who have read the other readings.

Some general questions that may be raised in class are:

1. How do you think culture affects <u>personality</u>?

2. What kind of <u>personality</u> reflects your culture?

3. How would you explain the influence of the culture on the personalities in the readings you selected?

4. How, in the readings you selected, do personality, culture, and health seem to be interrelated?

5. Which of the personalities in the readings have what you would call a "healthy" lifestyle?

6. Having read about a personality (or more than one personality), how do you now define the term "culture"?

DELFIN INCARNACION, A CAVITE FARMER

Nearly six feet tall, Delfin Incarnacion is lean and muscle-hardened from work. He smiles slowly and thinks carefully before talking: "I was born here in Barrio Tinabunan in July 1923," Delfin explained as Donald Leventhal, a former Peace Corps Volunteer, and I listened.

"My wife and I have been married 27 years. We have ten children—four boys and six girls. The oldest, a boy, is 26 years, and the youngest is one year old. I guess that is enough, since we now are hearing about family planning.

"I started farming when I was a boy," Delfin remembers—he had attended elementary school for three years. "I was the eldest of three boys and two girls. My father, a share tenant, rented a seven acre farm from which he got one-half of the crop after the harvesters' share. The system was different from now. Then, one-tenth of the crop went to the workers who cut the rice and carried it in from the field. Another tenth went to the men who threshed the rice, *palay*, by driving carabao around on the hard ground to break the grain loose from the straw. Today, the same crew comes to harvest and thresh and they get one-sixth of the crop."

TENANT FARMING

Delfin began farming on his own during World War II. He was nineteen years old. He recalls: "We rented seven acres in Imus and farmed on the same 50/50 share as my father." Delfin and his wife, who also came from a farm family, raised only one rice crop, planted during the rainy season in July or August when the southwest monsoon is strongest. They usually harvested in December, so the grain could dry in the sun.

"We sold little of my share of the harvest," Delfin recollects, "but kept most of it for eating, except what we saved for seed." He might have added that rarely did a rice miller to whom he brought his grain for milling return the full 65 per cent by weight of polished rice—both whole and

broken grains. Also, there were losses to spoilage and rodents and occasionally a neighbor "borrowed" more or less permanently.

To earn cash, Delfin sold a few fish caught in the rice field, or a little rice when he had to, or he raised vegetables in the dry season to sell in Cavite City. He also did casual labor. "Sometimes, I would plant rice for others," Delfin recalls, "or I would work as a carpenter. Anything I could do to earn one peso a day was welcome. My wife and I never had much cash for the little necessities we had to buy from the *sari sari* store, like matches, soap, cigarettes, or when we needed a few clothes or medicine. Maybe we would have had five pesos [about one dollar], and once in a while it might even have been 20 pesos."

Delfin had one financial windfall during the early years after the Allied Liberation of the Philippines in 1945. He was taken on as a "special agent" for the governor of Cavite Province and received a monthly payment. The position imposed no requirements for regular daily performance. It was in recognition of his staunch political support of the incumbent provincial administration—a practice then common elsewhere in the archipelago when public funds were sometimes casually managed. "I also earned about a dollar a day as a carpenter's helper when we rebuilt the provincial capital," he said. "That was after the other side burned it down." The fortunes of politics are fickle in Cavite Province. And when Delfin's patron lost the governorship and spent a period in jail in the early 1950s, this handy source of cash income came to an end.

Compelled to devote himself again to farming for a livelihood, Delfin looked for more land he could rent. While continuing to live in his old palm-thatched *nipa* house in Barrio Tinabunan in Imus, he farmed various plots there. In 1962 he crossed the stream in Kawit and managed to rent about three acres. The next year, he was able to rent an additional seven acres in Kawit, of which about one-seventh was covered by old mango trees and other growth. The rice fields, though large and regular shaped, were in heavier soil judged to be less fertile. Roughly one kilometer (half a mile) from his house, this land was at the end of an irrigation canal system built during the Spanish period preceding the coming of the Americans in 1898. It was rarely dependable for water.

Delfin's account of his farming in 1963 illustrates conditions of production and rural livelihood here before the "green revolution." "I was mostly planting *kiri kiri*," he says. "It's a native variety that has a weak stem. But our people consider it first class, even though the grain may still be slightly red after it is polished. After preparing the fields, plowing and harrowing with carabao, we transplanted the rice seedlings with the coming of the rains in August. I hired contract planters for that. My children and I did all the weeding and other work in the fields. I tried using some mixed fertilizer on two acres when it looked like there would be enough rain, but it was expensive. We harvested in December and threshed in February. We got about 100 *cavans* [one *cavan* = approximately one hundred pounds] of unmilled rice after deducting to cover the cost of transplanting and the share for harvesting and threshing. My share was about 50 *cavans*. Our family then was eating about 25 *cavans* of rice in a year. That left us almost as much to sell, which is not really enough when you have children going to school.

"We could not plant a dry season crop because there was no water. The next three years the price of unmilled rice, *palay*, went up. But sometimes my total harvest would be only 60 *cavans*." Then, even the small sums Delfin occasionally gambles on fighting cocks were hard to find.

THE NEW RICE TECHNOLOGY

Delfin first met Don Leventhal in 1967. As a Peace Corps Volunteer, Don had come to Imus in 1965 to teach mathematics in the public high school. A soft-spoken, lanky native of the Cleveland, Ohio, area, Don applied himself assiduously to learning Tagalog. Today his Filipino friends say his mastery of the language is "very deep."

When Don first went to visit Delfin in Barrio Tinabunan, several kilometers to the northwest of Barrio Bukandala, he was "just a visitor." He was accompanied by George Spencer, an older consultant to the Peace Corps on rural programs. Spencer had devoted much of his career to helping farmers in the Philippines and elsewhere. Don and George were searching for the farmers they had heard were planting IR-8, the first of the new short-stemmed, stiff-strawed, nonseasonal varieties released by IRRI. Although the grain was inferior in milling and eating quality, IR-8 response to

nitrogen—greatly increasing yields without lodging—led Filipinos to call it "miracle rice." Scientists and experienced farmers avoid this exaggeration, insisting that most of the miracle with any new variety is only possible with greatly improved management.

It is relevant to mention that Don's success working with farmers in Imus resulted from his personality as much as his knowledge. Often he was seen chewing a cheap, strong, native cigar and conversing with the farmers in the dialect (his lesser ability giving them a modest sense of superiority). Don felt he was talking on an equal basis and so did the farmers. In keeping with Filipino cultural norms, he never completely "blew his top," regardless of how frustrating a particular disappointment proved. Rather, he remained the slightly inscrutable, friendly Westerner. He was welcomed as a familiar figure in a community highly discriminating in its judgment of every individual. Living much as they did and contenting with the same problems that concerned them, the young American and his ideas came to be trusted by a growing number of farmers.

On their first visit to Barrio Tinabunan, Don and George found that Delfin and four other tenant farmers had agreed on an experiment. They planted a dry season crop seeded in January 1967, on a five acre farm irrigated by one of the first two pumps installed in the Tinabunan. They had arranged with the owner to try IR-8 and promised him 20 per cent of the harvest. "We raised a total of 130 *cavans* of IR-8, after deducting the share for harvesting and threshing," Delfin recalls. "Each of us five farmers received 19 *cavans* of *palay* [unmilled rice] as our share."

For the main rainy season crop of 1967, Delfin returned to using the native varieties and traditional methods on the land he had been renting across the stream in Kawit. With the start of the dry season early in 1968, however, Delfin and two of his former partners again planted IR-8 and the newly released IR-5, which had better grain quality. They arranged with the owner to divide all expenses and returns on a 50/50 basis. As Delfin remembers, "Our total expense for planting, pumping, including fuel for the engine, fertilizer, and insecticide, was about $225. After we had settled everything, each of us three farmers netted 24 *cavans* of *palay*. I sold my share for over three dollars per *cavan*.

Encouraged by these results and Don's quiet urging on repeated visits, Delfin decided to test out IR-5 on his main, rainy season crop. "I had no irrigation and we got a freak drought in October, just when the rice was heading out. Still, we got 105 *cavans* of *palay* net after the share for harvesting and threshing." On the six acres he farmed regularly, Delfin produced only 60 *cavans* with the native varieties, even though he had been able to borrow a pump and add water once.

NEW IDEAS - NEW PRODUCTION

Delfin had been the only farmer in the area to take a chance on planting the new variety in the rainy season. All his neighbors had reverted to native varieties for their main crop. A primary factor had been pressure from the landowners who wanted their tenants to plant varieties they trusted. "At the time, I was not fully aware of the land tenure problem," Don recounts, "but I was learning how it affected every part of farming, as I worked with Delfin and the other tenants who cultivate nearly all the land in Imus and Kawit."

Delfin and Don continued to experiment not only with new seed varieties but also with technology. Don decided to continue his work with Cavite farmers after his Peace Corps contract expired, using his modest savings. Together the men drilled a new well and installed a pump.

Despite mechanical failures and destructive weather, Delfin steadily increased his crop yields, although landowners sometimes compelled him to plant native rice during the wet season. In every case, he learned more about applications of fertilizers and insecticides. The new water pump, moreover, allows him better to control water flow into the rice fields, compensating to some degree for periods of drought.

ACHIEVEMENTS

Delfin has been handling more cash recently than he has ever seen before. Like most farmers who become successful, he does not reveal how much money he has. In most rural villages in Asia, it is best not to be thought of as wealthy among your neighbors. This might encourage envy, requests for personal loans apt not to be repaid, and other problems.

Delfin's most important visible new asset is the concrete-block home he has constructed during the past year and almost paid for in Barrio Tinabunan.

It is located on the same 432 square meter lot inherited from his father where the old *nipa* house stood. There he has also been operating the modest Tinabunan Farmers' Store started last year in partnership with Don. The stock is largely various types of insecticide and sometimes fertilizer that other farmers may need on short notice and cannot buy elsewhere in the community.

Several types of small, mechanical threshers have been tried in Imus. They have yet to substantially replace the prevalent method of whipping sheaves of grain against a platform made of bamboo slats. Delfin presently is testing a simplified foot-pedal thresher Don Leventhal built for about $50. It is faster and more efficient than removing all grain from the straw by beating.

Delfin has invested in a secondhand Japanese Yanmar hand tractor to replace his carabao. This will speed up and do a better job of land preparation. He has also purchased a direct seeder designed by an engineer at IRRI, but is still uncertain about its advantages. While it saves the expense of contracting for transplanting rice seedlings into the paddy fields, it also means crops cannot be overlapped by three weeks or so when the rice seeds otherwise would be germinating and growing to the height of about 15 inches in the seedbed before transplanting. Finally, he has money on deposit with the cooperative credit union that in two years has become an established institution in Imus. "The deposit allows me to borrow money when I need to," he explains.

DELFIN'S DILEMMA

Delfin's dilemma relates to his tenant status. He farms in a "land reform area." The new Code of Agrarian Reforms of the Philippines has been in effect since President Ferdinand Marcos signed it in 1971. According to the plan, land reforms will spread throughout the Philippine Republic. It can reshape the rural society in which Delfin lives.

For Delfin, and other tenants, the reform Code requires written contracts between tenant and landlord. The Code prohibits eviction of a tenant without due process in court. Cause must be proved for any eviction. A landowner may not increase rent because a tenant has installed an irrigation system or other improvement, as sometimes happened in the past.

According to the Code, a tenant's rent is to be 25 per cent of the past three years' average crop. First, however, harvesting and threshing costs are to be deducted. And it has to be decided whether the "average crop" includes all production during a year, or only the "main" wet season rice crop.

Delfin has not yet signed a lease contract before witnesses from the National Department of Agrarian Reform. He must determine what his past three years' harvest averages have been. Then he and the landlord have to agree on what the rent is to be. Without irrigation water Delfin's harvests would usually have been smaller. His rent then would be less. That is his dilemma. Increased production costs in the beginning, throughout the season, and for at least three years afterwards. In Delfin's place, what would you do?

LEE KUAN YEW OF SINGAPORE

Mr. Lee Kuan Yew and family live at 38 Oxley Road in the Republic of Singapore. He serves as the Prime Minister responsible to 2,129,000 Singaporeans living on the twenty-by-thirty mile island eighty-five miles north of the Equator. Both Lee Kuan Yew and his wife are lawyers. They have two sons and one daughter.

Born in 1923, Mr. Lee is a descendant of Hakka Chinese immigrants to Southeast Asia. His merchant-class family has long made education a major concern in their lives.

The house in which Lee Kuan Yew's family lives could be described as a bit run-down. Its era has passed in rapidly modernizing Singapore. Apartment houses and shopping areas are expanding all around. With them the noises of the city are becoming louder among the old homes on Oxley Road. The Prime Minister's grandfather, Mr. Lee Hoong Leong, originally occupied the house. And since the early 1900s, Lees have lived here.

At the Raffles Institute Lee competed as student, athlete, and leader. The school was named for Sir Stamford Raffles. He was the British founder of Singapore. In the 1800s it was a small Euro-Asian trading post. Thus Lee's life is linked with Singapore to its very beginnings. At Raffles he began competing with classmates. Many of these also became leaders. Abdul Rahman, for instance, later became Prime Minister of Malaysia.

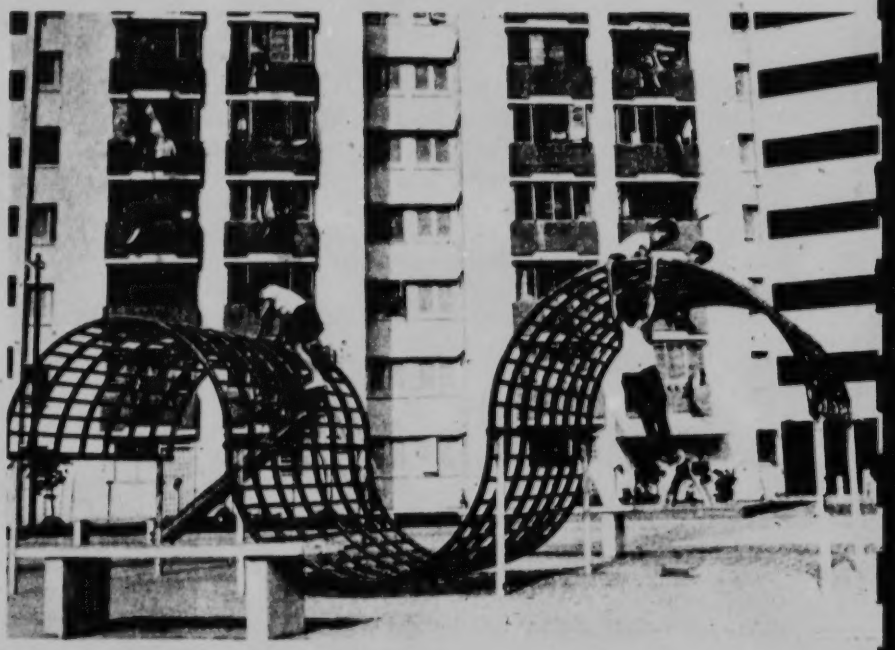
In Mr. Lee's school days, Singapore was a British colony. It had been since the early 1800s. Malaya, Sabah, and Sarawak, all now merged into independent Malaysia, were also British colonies. So was Burma. Indonesia was a Dutch colony and the Philippines had not been granted independence from the United States. The French colonies in Southeast Asia included Cambodia, Laos, and Vietnam. The Portuguese held, and still hold, the island of Timor. Only Thailand, once known as the Kingdom of Siam, was independent. For generations, most Southeast Asians lived under European colonial rule. Lee Kuan Yew experienced the last years of that era.

The Japanese invaded the region in the early 1940s. They controlled Singapore and everything north. As Mr. Lee puts it, reflecting back on the days when he was a British subject under wartime occupation, the Japanese "knocked us about" quite a lot.

Just after liberation from the Japanese, Harry Lee Kuan Yew enrolled in the London School of Economics. He was not happy there. His increasing interest in politics led him to Cambridge University. There he studied law. He characterized himself in those days as a Fabian socialist and a Marxist activist. His academic record has rarely been matched. And it has served him well in his career as a political leader.

He is not now nor has he ever been easy on opponents. As a debater in secondary school and then college, he was noted for being insightful, sharp, and victorious. And, as his opponents have learned, he can also be abrasive. This striving to win, to

Toa Payoh
Housing Project in Singapore



come out on top, has led some critics to liken him to Hitler or other proponents of fascist tactics. He is precise and effective and seems to enjoy the respect the role of national leader brings to him.

The Prime Minister is personally modest and can also be humble. If he makes mistakes and fails, he once pointed out, he'll be "run up an alley" and finished. He follows the law to the letter and uses whatever power it permits in dealing with opposition. He believes he is fair and most observers of Singapore's progress under his leadership would agree. The socialist Prime Minister is a popular leader who has captured the very broad middle ground. It is so "broad" that it has hardly any "fringe."

An overwhelming majority of Singaporeans are enthusiastic supporters of the Prime Minister and the People's Action Party (P.A.P.). They are restored to office. The water is pure, even if in potentially limited supply. Hospitals are available for anyone. Housing conditions are continuing to imrate which can only be called fantastic. Legal justice is fair and quick. Inflation is less than many other places, and prosperity increases regularly. The currency is stable. Capital and trade flow freely. There is plenty of food and it is of high quality. Schools are available to all and problems associated with ethnicity and "academic preparation for a trade" have been ingeniously and openly handled.

In short, Singapore, led by Lee Kuan Yew and the P.A.P., has prospered. It is, as the Prime Minister has wished it to be, a model state. He and over two million Singaporeans are striving to make their island city-state the "Switzerland" of Southeast Asia.

Lee and the P.A.P. clearly demonstrate a sense of purpose, responsibility, and resolution. They determined early that the P.A.P. would not be corrupted, disrupted, or discredited by internal conflicts. The leaders continue to live in modest private homes. They wear short sleeve shirts, go to work early and leave late. They own and drive their own cars except for public business. Lee goes about Singapore freely, appearing at meetings, debates, celebrations, and dedications of new facilities. He and P.A.P. colleagues can be accused of lacking sophistication and culture but not of lacking in the areas of earnestness, hard work, or success in achieving their objectives.

The Prime Minister's salary is modest, around US$20,000 in 1968. He is provided with a house, in which he chooses not to live. It is used only for the required entertaining. It is within walking distance from his private home. He uses his own car for personal business. Work is his passion.

Lee Kuan Yew maintains strong family ties. His father, Lee Chin Koon, is a salesman at a prominent Singapore jewelry store and lives in his son's home. The Prime Minister's mother, who is now separated from his father, gives professional cooking lessons. His wife is an active lawyer who works daily. Their lives are unusually private for the family of a national leader. Public knowledge goes only as far as the front gate at 38 Oxley Road—through which Mr. Lee passes each night.

The Prime Minister plays golf for relaxation and exercise. He does not smoke. A sinus condition encourages him to stay out of "smoke filled" rooms. During the day he does knee bends and practices deep breathing. Mr. Lee Kuan Yew is rugged. He has come out on top in many struggles. The Singapore ship of state has continued to sail through expulsion from Malaysia, "confrontation" with Indonesia, and withdrawal of the British military base. His mind and body are vigorous. He is relatively young.

LEE KUAN YEW VIEWS AMERICANS

Of the Prime Minister some have said that he is more British than the British themselves. Certainly, his British colonial experience and British education have strongly influenced much more than his vocabulary. But he is fiercely proud of his own Chinese cultural traditions and has deliberately cast off certain anglicisms, including the name Harry. In the process of physically and psychologically ridding himself and Singapore of dependent colonial status, he has often assumed decidedly independent attitudes. At times the Singaporean Prime Minister has been described as "anti-American."

As Mr. Lee puts it, his differences with Americans have to do with the matter of "style." That happens also to be the objection of some Americans to Mr. Lee. American officials, newspapermen, businessmen, and other observers admire the Prime Minister. He has achieved good government in Singapore and has earned their respect. But many neither like nor trust him.

U.S. - SINGAPORE RELATIONS, 1973

During a 1973 visit to the United States, Lee Kuan Yew met with President Richard M. Nixon to discuss the future of Southeast Asia. He also spoke on a number of college campuses and was interviewed on NBC's "Meet the Press."

On the subject of communism in Southeast Asia, Mr. Lee said, "...More intense peoples are more likely to take to communism because communism is a demanding task master. Less intense peoples," he continued, "they want the fruits of communism but they don't like to put in the discipline and the sustained effort that is required of them before they enjoy the fruits. Where do I put the peoples of Southeast Asia? Well, west of the Mekong they are influenced by the Hindu civilization. East of the Mekong, particularly Vietnam, they are more influenced by the Sinic culture or Chinese culture. They are the more intense types."

Asked how this would apply to his own government of Singapore, the Prime Minister replied, "I've got a population which is about more than 75 per cent ethnic Chinese." He continued, "And although we have been placed in a much more relaxed environment climatically, there is still the overflow of years and years of the cultural values and the impetus is still there—so I am taking no chances."

The Prime Minister's views toward Americans and other so-called Westerners have had their ups

and downs over the years. In the spring of 1973, for instance, he was proposing the formation of a joint air-naval task force to keep the Indian Ocean, South China Sea, and Western Pacific open to all countries for commerce. In a speech in Tokyo, he suggested that the United States, Japan, Australia, and Asian nations create a joint force to balance the growing Soviet naval power. Other Western nations could join the effort later. As he put it, the Soviets have a "very modest presence for the time being." And, he continued, "It is not going to be a threat unless it is the predominant or exclusive force in the area." Thus, Mr. Lee has become an advocate of a transnational task force for the water and air ocean commerce which has long connected Southeast Asia with the rest of the world.

Multiracial Singapore

"If I promise a man a jeepney in 30 days, it is finished in exactly 30 days. I don't make foolish talk to customers. When a buyer arrives, I personally take care of him to make sure we can do what he wants."

JEEPNEYS BY SARAO

Case Study of a Self-made Young Philippine Industrialist

The distinctive Filipino contribution to the automobile industry is the "jeepney." The combination taxi, small bus, and occasional light truck is often seen in Manila's traffic jams. Jeepneys serve the most remote rural towns, *barrios*, reached by the roads.

Among the operators of this colorful and socially convivial vehicle, the name of Sarao is a byword. For during the past nine years, Leonardo Sarao has built himself a reputation unmatched by all his competitors. His jeepneys are the most attractive, each a futuristic design decorated with bright, durable paint and chromium. They also have a reputation for sturdiness, carrying passengers with greater safety and more economy.

But Sarao now faces difficulties. He needs money. Or at least the use of it.

If Sarao were able to sell on credit, he could almost immediately increase production and sales by 50 to 100 per cent. With his present business methods, personal associations, and the Philippine financial structure, however, this enterprising Filipino has yet to discover a solution to the money problem that holds back progress in many economic sectors of this young republic.

Post World War II Manila

When the United States Army drove the last Japanese forces from Greater Manila in the spring of 1945, little remained of the city once known as the "pearl of the orient." The streets between the wrecked and gutted silhouettes of former buildings were marked by shell holes and abandoned trenches. Army bulldozers soon cleared most streets, but public transportation could not be restored easily. Horse-drawn *calesas* and *carretelas*

that had provided transport during the occupation were inadequate to meet the needs of the hundreds of thousands of people who now flocked to Manila, the national capital and principal metropolis of the Philippine Islands.

THE JEEPNEY

To meet this postwar transportation need, the jeepney was born. The United States Army had brought tens of thousands of vehicles to the Philippines. These provided the transport for troops who fought the costly campaigns of liberation. Jeeps hauled equipment stockpiled for the scheduled invasion of Japan.

The presence of this enormous quantity of military hardware erased the mystery of the internal combustion engine from the minds of many Filipinos. Almost overnight, boys who had never before handled a tire wrench or a spanner were initiated into the workings of starters, fuel pumps, and distributors. (Familiarity with the castoff goods of the United States forces became so great and their popularity so established that today the Philippines provides the world's most active market for surplus American military equipment.)

Some Filipinos and American GIs who remained after the war simply "captured" jeeps when unable to borrow or buy them. The "liberated" jeep could be disguised by local mechanics. In several villages, *barrios*, beyond Manila's suburbs, mechanics acquired a reputation for being able to disassemble and completely rebuild a jeep overnight. The next morning, the machine would not be recognizable to its original owner.

The jeep was quickly adapted to local Philippine needs. At first the innovators removed the back to permit easier entry of passengers and goods. Then someone extended the chassis, adding seats along the sides and steps behind. A national love of display found expression in fancy canopies, padded upholstery, and personalized names painted on each vehicle. And some introduced humor: I once saw a jeepney with this lettering in front: "LEGAL LOAD LIMIT: NINE AND ONE-HALF PASSENGERS."

Jeepney drivers became the new information centers and molders of public opinion. They passed news and gossip to passengers riding to and from work or the market. Some installed radios to attract customers.

Throughout many of the approximately 7,100 islands, ownership and operation of a jeepney is a means to community popularity and an assurance of work. Jeepneys are used on festive occasions such as weddings and baptisms, and daily to carry passengers and cargo. People, pigs, fish, and fruit are hauled in jeepneys. The four-wheel drive with two optional speeds enables these vehicles to cross dry rice fields, with their low dikes, and carry off the harvest. They are truly general purpose vehicles.

Most important, jeepneys are popular. City mayors have tried to keep them from Manila's main streets and been thwarted. People support the jeepneys. In 1962, when Manila police doubled traffic fines, a largely spontaneous strike by jeepney drivers paralyzed business and government and compelled the authorities to back down.

Leonardo Sarao's Career

Although he jokingly disclaims any ambition to become the "Henry Ford of the Philippines," Sarao is successful in a highly competitive field. He has a talent for organization plus mastery of his business.

An amiable, muscular man whose formal schooling ended at the sixth grade, he started his own business in 1953 with 700 pesos (about $180) he had borrowed from a brother who worked as a bank messenger in Manila. (U.S. $1.00 = P3.86) He carefully considered the alternatives and then chose the jeepney business.

The borrowed money was used to buy one secondhand General Electric welding set of the transformer type and one equally used acetylene gas welding outfit. He rented shop space for 20 pesos per month. The labor force was composed of Sarao, his three brothers, and one cousin. They worked from about six o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock in the evening, customizing, repairing, and rebuilding jeeps. After a year he had saved enough to buy two additional welding sets plus other secondhand tools. And he rented another shop and employed four additional laborers. The following year the Sarao team rebuilt an average of two wrecked surplus military jeeps every month. Profits were not enormous but by living frugally, on dried fish and rice, he had saved 5,000 pesos in a

year. Unlike many Filipinos of his class, he squandered no money on cockfighting or other sporting events. Sarao's self-discipline continues as he prospers.

To meet the needs of the Philippine jeepney operators, another Filipino mechanic-turned-small-manufacturer had begun making chassis frames. Most buyers believe these are stronger than those originally on the jeep. Sarao began purchasing these Philippine-made frames and on them built complete bodies, from engine hood with flashy headlights to paneled sides and rear steps with hand rails for passengers boarding or leaving the vehicle. Since Sarao used his own vehicle bodies, he was free to add all of the colorful touches for which his product has become noted. He no longer needed the old jeep bodies imported from Japan, Korea, Okinawa, and Europe. Military surplus jeep engines, axles, transmissions, differentials, and propeller shafts continued to be needed, however. These parts were carefully overhauled, assembled, and the new jeepney body mounted. Unless otherwise requested, Sarao put a full set of new tires on each jeepney. The customer could begin using the vehicle with full confidence.

JEEPNEY PRODUCTION

Leonardo Sarao employs about ninety men in the Sarao Welding Shop, the name he uses for the factory. Nearly all the men were trained here, starting as apprentices at two pesos per day. After six months to a year they earn the full wage scale of twelve to fifteen pesos daily (about $2.25) for a welder and approximately the same for a painter or a metal worker. The minimum legal industrial wage in the Philippines is about two dollars a day although highly skilled mechanics qualified to repair diesels command a much higher salary. Sarao prides himself on paying his men promptly every Saturday.

His supervisory staff includes such relatives as a brother-in-law and older employees that Sarao has learned to trust after training them to his methods of work. But personnel overhead is kept to a minimum and nearly everyone works with his hands, giving the factory a sense of busy alertness. Production is tidily systematized and each worker specializes in a craft such as reconditioning engines, shaping sheet metal, welding, sewing upholstery, or adding trim paint. Each jeepney is a handmade product. Sarao jokes about getting a press for stamping out body parts, but the cost is far beyond his present capacity.

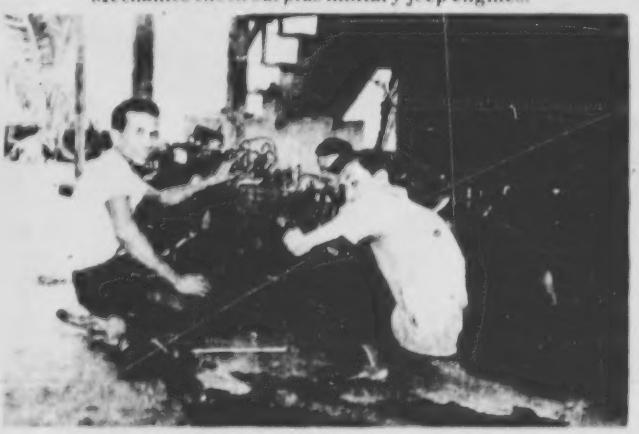
Sarao's operation today is on a cash and carry basis. He must insist on cash on delivery. Suppliers of the 16- and 18-gauge sheet steel he uses for jeepney bodies and suppliers of round and angle bars, pipe, canvas, foam rubber, paint, and the like sometimes let him have credit for 30-60 days. But, sellers of heavier items such as surplus military gasoline jeep engines, usually require immediate payment. Like many Filipinos with a growing business, Sarao is constantly scrounging for cash. He has no regularly established banking relationships. He doubts that a bank credit would be available to him since he has no family or other business ties with the wealthy families that control most banks.

In 1962 he owed 28,000 pesos to a ritual kinsman, *compadre*, who held title to the factory as security. This loan was repaid the next year.

When he needs cash, Sarao goes to a cousin from whom he can borrow 10,000 pesos at 1 per cent interest per month. "I then give him ten checks for 1,000 pesos each plus the interest, postdated one month apart," Sarao said. To him it is reasonable. In some of the United States, however, the practice would be illegal.

As the sole owner of his company he does not bother with an annual statement of profit and loss. He has thought about establishing a corporation, but feels this is something to think about in a few years.

Mechanics check surplus military jeep engines.



A jeepney built by Sarao rolls past the Sarao factory, new in 1962.

OPPORTUNITIES

His experience convinces Sarao that the jeepney market is expanding. While hoping to increase production, he is also aware of the profits in fitting new bodies on the old jeepneys still operating. Sarao's factory can clear almost as much money making a new body as by producing an entire jeepney.

Roads are being improved and reach ever farther into the hinterlands of the larger Philippine islands. The need for automotive transportation grows. Already the 37 million (1970) Filipinos constitute the largest market for automobiles in Asia except for Japan.

Sarao has discovered no source of money which would enable him to extend credit to jeepney purchases. Interest of 3 per cent and more per month is now being collected by some makers of private loans. Sarao feels such interest costs are beyond the ability of a jeepney operator to pay and are unsound. Low interest loans from government and private banks have not been available to him.

Still, opportunities are there for building this industry. It, like Sarao, relates intimately with the daily life of Filipinos. Despite success, Leonardo Sarao, the self-made Filipino industrialist, still enjoys hard work and lives modestly. He is an optimist with a stake in the Philippines' future.

CAROL LEAVITT: SINGLE PARENT FACTORY WORKER

Western Electric's centennial year was 1969. It was the year Carol Leavitt was selected in a plant-wide election as Miss Western Electric Valley. Until the day of the election, this 29-year-old divorcee mother was unsure whether she wanted the title.

But standing on the stage, in the plant auditorium, waiting with nine other finalists, all doubts disappeared—she wanted to win.

What followed was a very busy year for Carol. In the year she reigned as the Workers' hostess and representative, she traveled as far north as Mt. Washington, New Hampshire, and as far south as Boston, Massachusetts. In Boston, several state senators took her into the empty council chambers. She was allowed to stand at the podium and rap the gavel. She still has the souvenir gavel which was presented on that occasion.

All the occasions took up a lot of time. Hardly a day went by without an event to attend. It wasn't unusual for Carol to punch in at seven, primp up in the bathroom, be called off her job by eight, and not come back before 4 o'clock's punching out.

Carol Leavitt got to meet many people, including Senator Edward Kennedy, that year. She went to many functions she would not otherwise have been invited to attend. Often she was in the company of plant manager, Harry Snook, whom she remembers as a man who has "class." He was the first big wheel she had come to know.

It was a good year but Carol was ready for it to end. She felt the subtle pressure of needing to be constantly up on current affairs, in order to give a good impression. She felt a tremendous responsibility to Western Electric.

However, it wasn't easy going back to her normal schedule. She felt a confinement in her work routine that she hadn't previously felt. It was as if she had taken a step forward and now needed to step back. It took a lot of self-discipline to get back into the routine.

Carol Leavitt was one of the first people pointed out to me when I started work. I remember noticing that she was always well dressed. She looked as though she could go to a fancy restaurant after work. I didn't speak to her for a long time, but I noticed that men were always dropping by. Occasionally I'd hear her talk about going to New York, about drinking at the Saint Moritz or the Pierre. I thought of her as an attractive woman with expensive tastes.

Once I told her my image of her. She laughed, and said, "You know, that must be the image I project, but I don't think that's me. I don't know how people get their ideas of what I'm like."

Outside the plant, away from social evenings, Carol Leavitt is a single parent with a daughter, 16, and a son, 14.

"It's taken me a long time," she says, "to come to accept that I'm a single parent and can't be everything to my children. For a long time I felt, 'Hey, I'm doing a real good job.' But when my son started having disciplinary problems in school, I had to face the fact I'm a single parent, my son doesn't have a father to depend on. I can't be a father because I'm not a man. So he has to face it and I have to face it.

"I've been luckier than most single working parents, however. The kids have had a little more

Richard Balzer is exploring the effects of social and economic change on lower-middle-class America. This is adapted with permission from one of his Institute of Current World Affairs newsletters. His explorations have led to the publication of a book. Clockwork: Inside an American Factory. *New York: Doubleday, 1975.*

stability because we've lived in my mother's house. After my divorce I moved in with her, and I have not had the everyday money worries that I would have had if I were by myself. I don't have to concern myself with the running of the household. It's my mother's house and she takes care of it, she likes to.

"Also I've worried about the kids less, living in her house. I think the biggest worry of a working mother is where her children are, and what they're doing. My mother works the day shift, and I worked nights for many years. That way I could be with my children during the day, when they were young, and she was here at night. My mother has taken a lot off my shoulders; she's the most unselfish person I think I've ever known. We disagree about how to bring up the kids, but she doesn't interfere.

"But, as much help as she is, being a single parent is still very lonely. You constantly realize there is no husband around to talk to when the children misbehave. And when the children do something and you're proud, there's nobody to share it with. You're all alone all the time. When the children are in bed, you're still all by yourself. Sure you may go out. I go out in the evening, maybe for a few drinks and dinner, but then I go home and I'm still all alone.

"That's really the big problem, trying to draw the line. How much should I take for my own needs? How much should I give to them? Where do I stand in my own life? One of the things I have to decide is how involved do I want to get with someone romantically. Right now I tend to stick with people who have a full life of their own, like I have. After I get home from work and take care of my kids I don't have a lot to give. I don't want any pressures from a man. I don't want anybody pushing me. I want to go out, have a good time, and relax.

"What I want from a relationship is still in the future. Right now my number one concern is my children. As much as I love them, I will be glad when they grow up. Then they can make their own decisions, and I can make my own decisions. I can do what I want to do. That'll be great, a luxury.

"I used to think when they were little, 'My God, these kids are never going to grow up. I'm going to be tied up until I'm 89.' And now I'm thinking my oldest, my daughter, is going to be 16 soon and my son is 14. Soon they'll be making their own decisions.

"Like every other parent I had all kinds of dreams about what my kids would be. I've had to accept that I don't know how they'll turn out. I'd like my kids to grow up to be happy constructive people. That's all I'm going to ask. Before I wanted them to be something great. But now I realize they can't, their background is not conducive to them really being something.

"I grew up in a very small neighborhood, everyone went to the same church, the same school. The neighborhood was the focal point of my life. You went to school, you went to work, and you got married, that was all. So at eighteen, just after I graduated from high school, I got married, and within a couple of years I had two kids and I was tied into a bad marriage.

"Now when I look back I think if I could only spare them the headaches and the pain. This is the hopeless part of being a parent, you cannot make your children avoid mistakes.

"I was hoping, this is one of my dreams, to introduce my children, especially my daughter, to a

better class of people, to a nicer life. My Mary is very special and I'd like her to get the best out of life. I wanted her to realize that there is more to life than getting a man, getting married, having kids quickly and tying yourself down.

"It's taken me a long time to learn about other things. I like having nice clothes, meeting people with something to say, having dinners at fine restaurants. I've tried to interest my children in these things, but they aren't interested. For example, we will be sitting down to dinner and I like the house nice and relaxed. I want the food on the table and everyone sitting there eating slowly and having a conversation. Well, my kids don't know how to do this. They'll sit down and hurry and rush through and rush out and that's that. I take them to a good, expensive restaurant and they don't want any part of it.

"My own immediate goal, my goal for the next few years is graduating. I'm definitely going to graduate from Essex Community College. After that I don't know what I want to do. Maybe I'd like to break out, leave Western, do something else. I've never had the freedom to shop around and find out where I belong, what it is I wanted to do. When I came to Western 12 years ago I was 23 years old. I was divorced and I had two small kids. My mother and father worked for Western, and at one time so did my brother and sister. It was the simplest place for me to get a job. Really, necessity made me come here.

"I needed the security when I was younger, not just financial but personally. Even though I may exude confidence, basically I feel that I'm insecure. I was worse years ago. A little thing, a little rebuff from anybody, used to really hurt me. I used to want to be accepted by everybody. You can't. When I was younger I thought I could; I thought I could bend all sorts of ways. As I get older I find I can't bend as much as I used to. I can bend only in certain ways and I'm at the point where I don't care anymore.

"For a long time I was insecure because I wasn't sure of what my capabilities were. As I grow older I'm finding them. Unfortunately I'm now 35 years old and I'm still searching.

"I'm less anxious now about not knowing where I'm going. Maybe by the time I'm 40, I'll be somewhere. I don't know. I used to think I was the

only one who thought like that. I thought, 'What's the matter with me? Why can't I reach a plateau and stay there and be happy? Now I feel I'm much more sophisticated, more secure than I ever was. But I'm still searching, looking for fulfillment—what makes me happy.

"Maybe I'll get out of the factory. Do I want to stay at Western or do something else? Sometimes I think I'd like to try something else, but you have to have a financial base to really experiment. I'll tell you, I talk about leaving, I seriously consider it, but it would be hard. I probably make more working in this factory than the average woman does. This year I'll probably make around $12,000. It would be hard to give that up.

"If I stay at Western I'd like to get ahead. For me that means getting into management. The woman's movement has helped open the way for women to get into management. This is really where the woman's movement has helped me.

"It really hasn't affected me at home. I'm too old to be really affected by it. I think my daughter is too old too. It has to start younger. I'm the type of woman, when I go out with a man, I want this man to make decisions. I want him opening the car door for me. I want to be led. I want to be told, 'Tonight we're going here,' and this or that. I'm still that way.

"I don't want to be equal at work either. I want to be treated as a feminine woman. I don't want to wear overalls to work. I don't want to life anything up. I don't care what they pay me, I don't want to do a man's job. But, let's say a job as a tester is open, if I can do it well, why shouldn't I have the job? If I study, if I pass all the tests, why shouldn't I have the job? I think as long as women are capable, if they have the background, they should have a chance."

"Now women are encouraged to do things, to do what they want. When I came in here it was different. The possibilities were there, but you were discouraged from doing certain jobs. Like in testing, they said, 'You girls could never do this job,' but we knew we could do it and we did. Lots of times we turned in a better performance than the men did. Eleven or twelve years ago I was among the first women testers doing technically oriented jobs. In fact, at one time, I was the youngest woman 36 grade tester at Western. Most other women weren't going to take time out of their lives to study electronics. I did, because I liked it. I felt I had an aptitude for it. I used to study on my own.

"As far as the grade system goes in here, I don't think there has been much sex discrimination. Being offered a higher grade job is based on seniority. Service is what counts. If you want to go into management, now that's a different ballgame.

"You could get ahead if you were a woman, but it was awfully difficult. Now they're promoting women in here. The equal employment laws and the company's concern for its public image, is opening up places in management. Here is where I think the woman's movement has helped to change things.

"This is the avenue open to me. The problem is, they don't operate on seniority on the management side. They have a complex system to determine if you're qualified. Qualified not only means college credits, you have to have the right temperament, an ability to make decisions, an ability to be a leader.

"You can't ever be certain that you'll be promoted. I think I have the qualifications. The only thing I needed was some college credits and I've been going to school for a couple of years now.

"I'll be honest with you, I hope I'll get promoted. My job is all right, and I think I perform it well, but I'd like to do better. I'd like to get ahead.

"I've been concerned that I haven't gotten a promotion yet. It hurts a little to see other people get moved up, while I stay where I am. I'm hoping that my chance will be coming soon. It's frustrating waiting, but there isn't anything I can do. I've gotten to the point where I try not to think about it. Instead I do my job. As I said, I think I'll get ahead, but maybe I won't. If I don't maybe I'll leave, who knows? Sometimes I wonder, do I want to spend my life working for Western Electric?"

* * * * *

PIONEERING FARMER PRINCE OF THAILAND: SITHIPORN KRIDAKARA

"It's true that I am not popular with the government in Bangkok—that's because I keep criticizing their foolish and unfair policies. Someone has to speak up for the Thai farmer. Just think of how the ordinary farmer suffers because of the 'premium' the government charges on all our exports of rice. It comes right out of the grower's pocket. Then they expect the farmer will be interested in investing his scarce cash in buying the things he needs to expand his yields, like insecticides and fertilizer."

Now Thailand faces a new situation in the world market for rice. According to the Prince, Thailand will no longer be the biggest exporter in a world sellers' market for rice. Partly this is due to the success of the "green revolution." It is led by the International Rice Research Institute at Los Banos in the Philippines. Several countries that once bought Thai rice—Japan, for example—now produce rice in surplus. Thai farm families make up three-fourths of the country's population of thirty-six million. Yet they get only 19 per cent of the Gross National Product.

Sharp comments are entirely in character for His Serene Highness, Sithiporn Kridakara. In letters to newspapers, pamphlets, and in speeches before distinguished groups in Bangkok, he repeatedly calls the government to task on its farm

repeatedly calls the government to task on its farm policy. He compels an audience. His stature as a grandson of the great King Mongkut, as well as an experienced engineer, a practicing scientific farmer, and a beloved elder of the realm cause people to listen to him.

At his home near the popular coastal resort of Hua Hin on the narrow southern peninsula of Thailand, the Prince tends personally to his vineyard. There he farms almost five acres. This intelligent and charming pioneer still keeps a critical eye on what happens in Bangkok and elsewhere in the Buddhist Kingdom of Thailand.

In Prince Sithiporn the simple Thai farmer has a champion and one with extraordinary determination and enthusiasm. He maintains a hopeful view of life, despite personal setbacks, advanced age, and the inertia and occasional corruption of the Thai government bureaucracy.

Thai agriculture is approaching a critical crossroad. The choice of direction in future development will have decisive consequences, economically, socially and for the future political health and stability of the Kingdom. Sithiporn Kridikara understands these relationships as well, perhaps better, than anyone.

THE MAKING OF A PRINCELY FARMER

Prince Sithiporn was born in Bangkok in 1883, the fourth of seven children. The family soon moved to London where his father served as Thai Minister to the government of Great Britain. Thais were being forced by Western colonialist policies to look beyond their own kingdom to the realm of international politics. Diplomacy was used to balance British ambitions against French interests. Thus Thailand, known then as Siam, never became a colony, although it was surrounded by colonies of Britain—Burma and Malaya, and of France—Cambodia, Laos, and Vietnam.

Three years later the Prince's family returned to Thailand where he began to read and write Thai. At eight, he was sent back to London in the company of a relative. Ten years of schooling in England strongly influenced the Prince. He studied to be an engineer.

King Chulalongkorn was leading the modernization of Thailand in 1901 when the young Prince returned home. A postal service was created. Much of the country was mapped. Roads and railways were built. And new schools were opened as alternatives to traditional Buddhist education.

Agriculture first caught the Prince's attention as the chance result of reading farmers' bulletins published by the United States Department of Agriculture. These he had discovered in a government office. This led to systematic reading of basic texts, subscription to journals from abroad, and a hobby of raising poultry. The Prince became convinced that Thailand's dependence upon rice as the only important crop was unsound. Persuaded that the future demanded diversification, he determined to prove that other crops could be grown profitably. This decision, joined with a desire to escape from Bangkok and lead a simpler country life, led him to resign from the government in which he had served fourteen years and risen to the highest rank.

"It would have been impossible to embark on the venture without the wholehearted cooperation of my wife, Mom Sriprohma," says the Prince. Her adoptive father, also a diplomat, had taken her to Russia and England before she returned to become a Lady in Waiting to the Queen. Impatient with the confining life of the palace, she welcomed moving to the country with the Prince, their two young children and the backyard flock of Leghorn chickens. The relatives, though, "thought we were crazy."

For his farm the Prince had selected the rolling country at Bangberd on the Peninsula south of Bangkok some 240 miles.

It was an inconvenient location even by the Thai standards of 1921. The farm was three miles by bullock path from the nearest village and over seven miles from the station on the railway linking Bangkok with Malaya and Singapore.

A portion of the property included a small coconut plantation donated to the couple by the wife's adoptive parents. "Brimming with eagerness," as the Prince remembers, they first set to clearing wild upland and applying ideas gleaned from books. Avid to learn more, he borrowed agricultural pamphlets from a friend and wrote for more bulletins from the United States Department of Agriculture.

Traditionally, upland Thai agriculture had been "slash and burn." Farmers would move onto new sites after the soil was exhausted by erosion, due to high tropical heat and monsoon rains as much as by crops. The Prince became the first farmer in the Kingdom to practice systematic soil conservation,

plowing to make contour terraces, green manuring and liming his fields. "These were daring innovations in the opinion of my neighbors and others," he said. "So were my ideas of diversified farming, like interplanting between our coconut rows corn for feeding animals, peanuts, and other cash crops."

A NATIONAL ROLE

"The payoff came about ten years after we started at Bangberd," the Prince relates. The Great Depression in the early 1930s sent world prices tumbling. Rice like other grains fell to uneconomically low levels. This in turn prompted a change in Thai government agricultural policy from emphasis upon rice to diversification. It was also recognition of Prince Sithiporn's views.

As the only man in the Kingdom with both experience in upland farming and in government administration, he was asked by King Prajadhipok to become Director of Agricultural Inspection.

The Prince knew that the average farmer lacked the time, knowledge, and money to experiment, so this became the business of his department. Three upland farming experiment stations were established; one for each major region of the Kingdom outside the Central Plain. The growing of peanuts, corn, and upland rice was emphasized, as well as cash crops like cotton and Virginia-type tobacco, which was replacing the darker, native tobacco Thais formerly smoked or chewed with betel.

The "People's Party" dissidents, in June 1932, presented the King with an ultimatum demanding a constitution. He replied so promptly in favor of changing to a constitutional government that the embarrassed plotters apologized for the tone of their demands. For Thailand, the name chosen to supplant Siam, a new government was soon established. Yet, this peaceful transition to a constitutional monarchy proved within months to be a mirage; although the King was ready and willing, many Royalists were not. Prince Sithiporn was arrested in 1933 and sent to prison at Bangkwang, then to the penal colony on Koh Tarutao, and finally to Koh Tau in the Gulf of Siam.

He served the next eleven years under detention, but it failed to dampen his spirits. He organized for his fellow prisoners an informal agricultural school, complete with demonstration gardening. The lectures he prepared and delivered in prison were later incorporated into a book on upland farming.

Medicines were scarce, and chronic illness was the Prince's chief problem. His spirits and equilibrium, he recalls, were kept alive by the hope of one day returning to his family and farm.

It was a struggle for Mom Sriprohma to carry on her husband's work. Helped by her young daughter, she managed to raise cabbages, melons for the Penang market, and corn for their poultry. Later, it was necessary to call their son, who was studying agriculture at Los Banos in the Philiipines to return home. When the outbreak of World War II cut off the Penang market and high wages paid by the Japanese drew labor away from the farm, Mom Sriprohma was no longer able to continue raising crops for sale. The son helped the family by finding employment in Bangkok. When the Prince at last was released near the end of the war in 1944, he returned to find that Bangberd Farm had become "overgrown with weeds and grass tall enough to hide an elephant." The following decades were frustrating but the Prince and Mom persevered.

At an age when most would be content to coast on past efforts, the Prince has taken on what he considers his "most important work." His first concern is a Kingdom-wide demonstration of what ordinary farmers can do economically to improve yields with the proper type of fertilizer. "Originally, we planned to bring young people in for training, but our funds were insufficient," the Prince continued. "So a friend and I wrote a handbook that

Mom Sriprohma and Prince Sithiporn with Valee Devahastin, his impressively efficient volunteer secretary from Bangkok, on the verandah of their home above the fish pond at Khao Noi Vineyard.

goes to every cooperating farmer. Some schoolmasters have been most helpful in assisting farmers to measure their fields, so they can make fertilizer applications on the proper area.

"My problem now is to really check the results as they become available," the Prince emphasized.

And Prince Sithiporn contends, with his marvelously caustic wit, that these scientific achievements will be of "minimal value" unless the government changes its policy toward the farmers. "The government must abolish the 'rice premium,'" he explained, "so the producer will get the full price for his rice in the world market.

"If it were not for the rice premium," says the Prince, "we could compete in price and quality of rice in any market in the world. Also, if we want to stop the appeal of Communist agitators and other subversive groups in the countryside, the simplest and fastest way is to immediately increase farmers' income. Eliminate the rice premium, which everyone in the countryside resents. Historically, our experience in Thailand shows that when farmers get a fair price, as they did after World War I, there was generally prosperity, progress, and much greater contentment in the countryside."

At eighty-seven, the Prince is persuaded that public opinion and good sense can be mobilized to "free the farmer." Pensively he adds: "My life, you know, has been a frustration. They keep on giving me degrees and honors, but do not do what I suggest."

"My real ambition was to be a doctor."

DUCKS AND GEESE AND PIGS FOR BANGKOK

A Thai-American Experience

"My real ambition was to be a doctor," Anupongs Chiewcharnvlijit explained as we ducked under the overhanging roof to look at a prize, purebred sow pig. "I was nineteen years old then and had just graduated from high school. I was the second in line and my older brother was already helping my father in his business, buying poultry from farmers in this part of Thailand and selling to the markets in Bangkok. But there were just too many younger brothers and sisters still to be educated—we are six boys and two girls altogether in our family. So, I gave up my dream of a professional career. Instead, the family decided we would start farming on our own.

"We bought the first six *rai* (about two and a half acres) from the former Queen. This used to be an old summer palace. When we got it, everything was jungle and nobody wanted it." That's how *Thai Roong Kit* Farm, "Progress Farm," started. "I must admit," Anupongs continued, "that it probably wouldn't be the success it is today except that I was one of the first two Thais—the other was a girl—who went to the United States on the International Farm Youth Exchange Program with your Four-H Clubs. That really opened my eyes and gave me ideas."

PROGRESS FARM

"Never assume that most, or even many, Thai farmers are as prosperous as I am. They are not. Actually, many ordinary farmers even in this area have a tough time making ends meet. Like farmers nearly everywhere, we have to gamble on so many things; weather, livestock and poultry diseases, prices in the market, plus a long list of other difficulties." Yet, in spite of such hazards, Anupongs has prospered spectacularly, although only after some sobering setbacks overcome by him and his

brothers with their shrewd mastery of the business side of modernizing agriculture.

PIGS

On the present twelve-acre farm, half is the home farm and other acreage is leased across the road. There are 130 sows on cement-floored pigpens. Five purebred boars provide service and three hundred small pigs are being weaned to sell to other farmers for finishing and fattening.

POULTRY

Under the long roofed poultry houses some 600,000 ducks are raised to be sold to consumers in Bangkok. Most of the geese are kept on the rented property across the road, fenced in by sheet metal hammered out of old gasoline drums. Some 40,000 each year are sold in Bangkok. The chief market is among Chinese restaurants that serve "Peking duck." Anupongs explains: "None of our Thai ducks are really big enough for that specialized market when the roasted reddish-brown duck is served whole on the table, so they use geese instead."

FISH

Near the roomy three-story cement house is the largest of the fish ponds. Like the other seven fish ponds, it is partially shaded by coconut palms. Every five months, these fish ponds are stocked with half a million two-inch-long fingerlings of *plarduk*, a popular fish of Northeastern Thailand. Each harvest is expected to yield about forty tons of fish.

MANAGING PROGRESS FARM

Anupongs keeps many of his figures in his head. As the business manager in charge of buying, selling, and planning for this family enterprise, he has a good memory for costs. Monthly expenses include wages for the eighteen full-time employees. Each receives food, clothing, and other care plus U.S. $20 to $45 in cash per month (B450 to B1,000). Annual "profit" Anupongs estimates at about B500,000. "We brothers get no salary," he said. We use the money as we all vote should be done."

Sharing knowledge of new and effective methods with less fortunate neighbors is the way they operate. Just re-elected Chairman for Community Services of the Nakorn Pathom Rotary Club, Anupongs also remains the leader of the *Changwat*, or province, Four-H Clubs, which total some 700 members each with their farming projects.

FROM THAILAND TO AMERICA

It was during his early years that Anupongs encountered an opportunity that has radically changed his life. As he remembers, "That is when I met Donald Mitchell, who was from Pennsylvania. He had been about six years in Thailand working on agricultural extension with the U.S. AID Mission in Bangkok, especially on Four-H Clubs. I was the first member of our Four-H Club here who continued out of school and he came to see my project. He told me about the exchange program and helped me be selected, along with one Thai girl who has continued in the government service. They paid all the expenses and, in June 1963, we flew by way of Hong Kong, Tokyo, and San Francisco to Washington, D.C.—it was the first time I had ever been out of Thailand. We had our orientation at the National Four-H Club headquarters near Washington, D.C. At that time I knew very little about the United States or what farming outside of Thailand was really like.

"They sent me first to Kansas," Anupongs recalls vividly. "The first farm I went to was that of Lester Jackson near Fort Scott. It was a big farm, about 1,500 acres and they had about 800 head of beef cattle on pasture. That's where I learned to drive tractors and plow. I even operated a Catepillar D-8 bulldozer, clearing land and filling gullies. Most important, my host was a veterinarian. So, we talked about animal diseases—that was very useful.

The second family he lived with managed a dairy farm with twenty Holstein cows that he learned to milk. As Anupongs said, "I felt that was really not my business—I couldn't see it in Thailand. At the third farm where I stayed near Conway, I learned about wheat and how to operate a combine. I like heavy machinery."

Midway in their American tour, all the International Farm Youth Exchange Program participants met in Madison, Wisconsin. "There were 143 of us altogether," Anupongs recalls. "That included eighty-four men, and fifty-nine women from forty-four countries.

"For one week we just talked, getting to know each other and where we came from and what we

did at home. We also had organized discussions, exchanging ideas on our program and how the experience could be more useful. At the same time, we had a chance to look around and learn a little at the University. It was fall, and I swam in the lake."

His American program ended as winter began with cold and snow. Anupongs' thoughts were on the tropical warmth of his homeland. He decided, however, that he could afford to travel through Europe. With the list and home addresses of Exchange Program participants as a tour guide, he traveled by bus for three weeks in England, Holland, Belgium, Luxemburg, Switzerland, and Germany. Always we were talking, about different ways of farming, exchanging ideas on disease, feed rations. I got home here in February 1964, just in time for Chinese New Year.

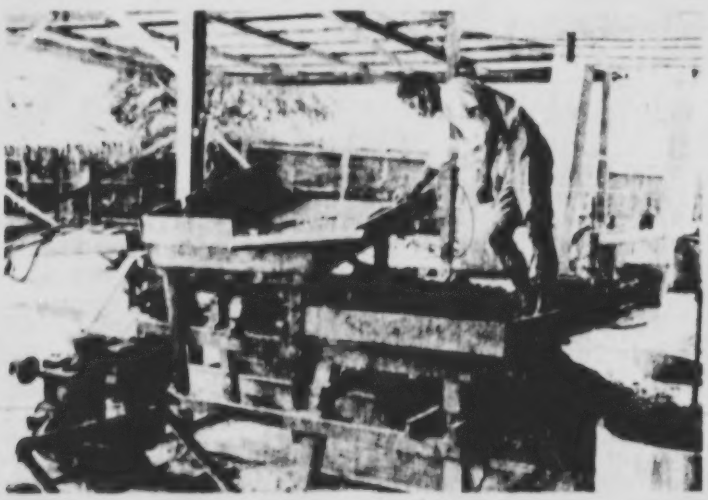
PROGRESS FARM PROSPERS

"While I was in the States, our pigs got foot-and-mouth disease. Some of them could not stand, so they couldn't come and eat. And again we lost money, although not so much. Many people here wanted me to talk about my experiences in America and show slides, but I could only do that occasionally. We had too much to do on the farm. I made up my mind we couldn't just copy what I had seen in the United States—we had to adjust it to our situation and the market. People around here did not think we could save money any more on pigs, but I was convinced there was a way. From the United States I got the idea of using higher protein and dry feed mostly. Also, besides vaccination, we had to incorporate antibiotics in the feed. That's something it is never worthwhile buying cheap, especially in Thailand where some of these are phony. It's a better investment to buy the very best direct from reliable importers."

Unlike many of the smaller farmers who raise pigs in this region, Anupongs is not worried about marketing even his full-grown hogs. He is not at the mercy of the Bangkok monopoly that controls most slaughtering and retail sales of pork and depresses the prices paid to producers. "First of all, I am big enough so I can bargain better," he explains, "and I keep on top of market conditions. When prices

Unloading from woven bamboo baskets ducks brought back from contract farmers for fattening at Thai Roong Kit Farm prior to shipment to Bangkok market.

Fish feed is separately prepared outside where scrap fish is mixed and ground with rice bran.



Partly because they are noisy, geese are kept on rented property across the road. Fresh water hyacinth harvested from local canals is here being fed to make up green portion of their diet.

are low in Bangkok, I sell my full-grown pigs to other provinces. For this you should have enough to make up a truck load. The trouble with the small farmers is that they fail to work together and organize a real cooperative for their marketing. When prices are good, they don't care—it's only when prices of pigs are down that they get concerned and then it's too late to do much about it."

Duck raising is planned to bring birds to market at the two seasons. There is a peak demand in Bangkok during Chinese New Year and the autumn Moon Festival. For each of these seasons, Thai Roong Kit Farm aims to sell 300,000 ducks. Since ducks sell for B12 per kilo just before Chinese New Year and B7 a week after this great season of celebrating, success depends on keeping an eye on the lunar calendar that regulates Chinese feast days. The raising of geese is also managed with an eye to the Chinese New Year and autumn Moon Festival markets.

ANUPONGS' FUTURE

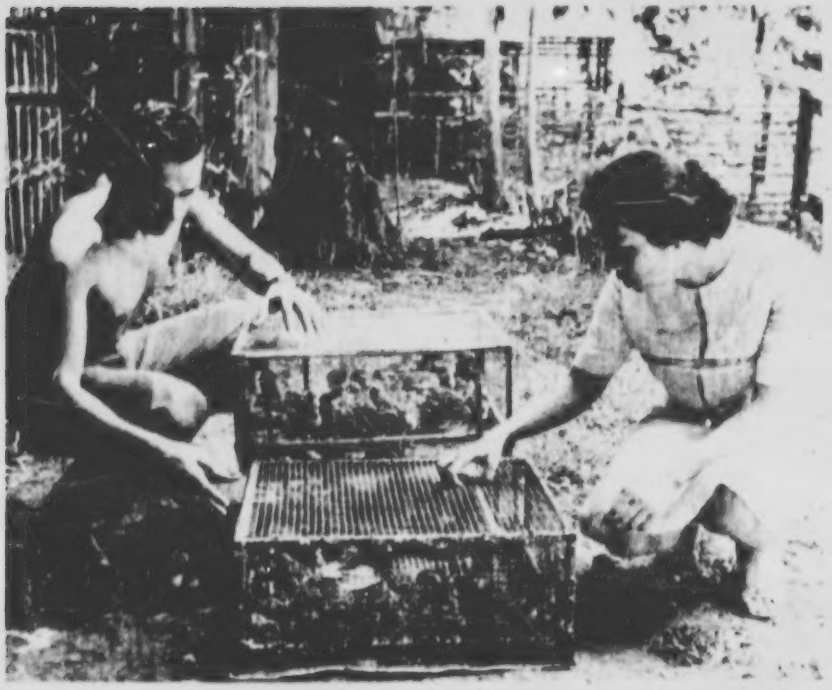
While Anupongs and his brothers have created an important farming business, they are always planning ahead. Each improvement is carefully designed to fit into their overall plan.

Machinery purchases are a part of their plan to farm efficiently. Machines do the work enabling operators to plan.

The newest machine is a Mercedes Benz truck. It is assigned to haul feed. Another investment was the purchase of a diesel-powered long-chassis Land Rover. It carries Anupongs on short business trips though he still rides the bus to Bangkok. The Land Rover is used in collecting scrap fish that are ground and mixed with rice bran for feeding fish in the ponds, and hauling ducks and geese to contract farmers.

The brothers specialize. While the eldest brother and father travel frequently, buying and selling poultry, Anupongs lives at the farm. He is the only married member of the partnership and his wife cooks and keeps house for the three younger brothers, Anudat, Yangyong, and Wotiwat. Anudat is just younger than Anupongs. He has taken charge of chickens, ducks and geese. Yanyong is responsible for the pigs. And Wotiwat gives particular attention to the fish.

While farming operations are separated from the father's trading activities, the Chiewcharnvlijits don't think in terms of a more formal organization such as a corporation. They are a family. They work as a family. If they continue to be as successful, maybe some day the size and details of "Progress Farm" operations will require larger staff and a more formal organization. Meanwhile, they get busier as they provide much needed food for increasing population in Southeast Asia.



FILIPINA ENTREPRENEUR

When Sally Acosta first began pickling and bottling quail eggs four years ago, she was following her natural inclination to search for methods of preserving surplus food. Production of quail eggs far exceeded consumption in the Philippines.

Some millions of quail eggs later, Sally Acosta has launched a promising new industry. Here and abroad her pickled quail eggs are tempting foods. Her aim is in time to make them a distinctive Philippine product, "like French mushrooms or Danish blue cheese," she says. But there are problems. Most critical is the need to build a sound market abroad.

Commercial food processing is largely a new field in this developing island republic. Sally Acosta is one of the real pioneers who adapt technology to local products. While doing so, she and others are unveiling a reservoir of entrepreneurial talent.

At forty-three, this tall, friendly mother of two daughters and a son is president, general manager, and majority stockholder of *Acosta Food Products, Inc.* The offices of the corporation are on the ground floor of her home in a nearby suburb. But every working-day morning, even in the vacation season, she is on the job as head of the Department of Institutional Management and Food Technology and Acting Dean of the College of Home Economics at Philippine Women's University on Manila's busy Taft Avenue.

As an educator she consults with architects planning kitchen layouts for institutions and homes. She also counsels the largest life insurance company in the Philippines, and provides advice for several manufacturing firms and international agencies here and abroad. At times she becomes deeply involved in civic organizations like "Operation Quick Count," the nonpolitical public group that helps insure fast and fair counting of votes in presidential elections.

Sally is also a devoted homemaker for her husband, Commander Galileo C. Acosta, a career naval officer. She allows that in traditional Filipino manner "my husband formerly brought his salary home to me." But last year she let him keep it. "Now I also turn my salary over to him, so he takes

care of the family finances. I had to concentrate on Acosta Food Products." Once in a while her husband "jokes and asks when the corporation is going to repay the money he lent for starting capital."

NUTRITION AND FOOD PROCESSING

While the Philippines remained an essentially rural society, it was relatively simple to provide a family abundantly. Fish and shrimp from rivers, ponds, and the sea, and meat and vegetables could be gathered or purchased fresh from the markets. With increased urbanization and sophistication of taste this changed.

Until World War II nearly all canned food was imported. But wartime Japanese occupation, post-war controls limiting imports, and higher prices generated interest in what could be prepared locally. Following the war, imported foods became more and more expensive.

Observing the shelves of Manila's grocery stores was enough to make a Filipino home economist impatient: dill pickles imported from America retailed at US$1.25 per jar. Canned pork and beans sold for US$0.68 and Washington State peaches and apricots cost the housewife here US$0.75. Inflation has raised prices almost everywhere but these prices were especially high at the time.

Only one large firm in the Philippine Islands was canning pineapple, juice, vinegar, and tomato catsup. They used the Del Monte label familiar in the United States. The Philippines was on a threshold of opportunity in food preservation.

SALLY'S CAREER

Sally Acosta's career began in this setting. Having been born in Bacolor, Pampanga, she grew up among people noted for their interest in good food. "It's true that we Pampangenos love to eat," she admits, "our province has so much to offer: the rice fields are some of the most fertile in the country, we have plenty of fish from the rivers, and fish ponds and fruit trees there bear well." Her father's management of the family sugar lands enabled Sally to study at Philippine Women's University where she earned a Teacher's Certificate before World War II.

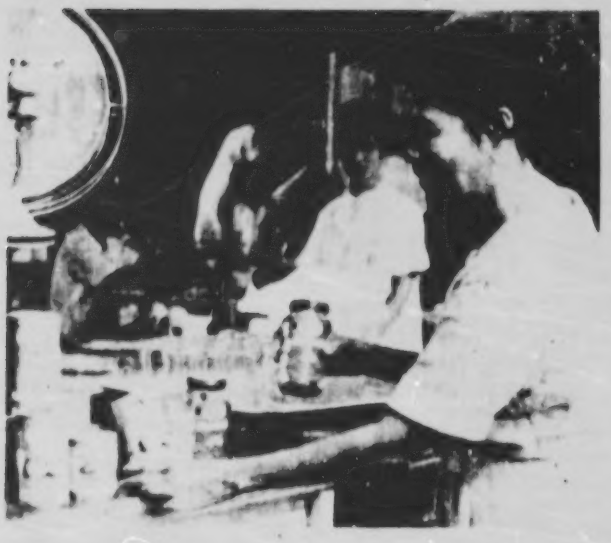
Her marriage followed the year after the Philippines was liberated by Allied forces in 1945. "My wedding present from my husband was the lot where we live and I now have my office," she adds. It was her choice in a society where the bill for the wedding ceremony is usually paid by the bridegroom.

After her two older children were born, Sally's talents and restless energy led her to return to study. Majoring in home economics, she received a bachelor of science degree at PWU in 1953. Late that summer, Sally—like a surprising number of other Filipinas—left her infant family under her husband's supervision, with servants tending the babies and house. She then enrolled at Florida State University in Tallahassee, Florida. Within two years she had earned a master of science degree in Foods and Nutrition. To stretch her funds Sally also worked as Administrative Dietician in the office of dining halls at Florida State and held a similar job during summers at St. Luke's Hospital in New York City.

Upon her return to Manila, Sally joined the faculty at PWU and joined enthusiastic home economists committed to showing what they could do for the Philippines.

As a food technologist, Sally found the horizon for her talents ever broadening. In 1956 she consulted with UNICEF in its Child Feeding Program: She worked to encourage the use of bulgur. This parched, crushed wheat is an inexpensive source of protein and other nutrients. The Fisher Flouring Mills in Seattle, Washington, enlisted her as a consultant here and in Indonesia. Since then she has worked with the U.S. Voluntary Agencies in Taiwan and Hong Kong on their programs to use American surplus farm commodities. She has worked with the Food for Peace Program.

Sally's prime interest, however, continued to be the kitchens and laboratories at PWU. There she and her colleagues experiment with products for the domestic market. "We all were convinced that we could make just as good pickles as those coming from New Jersey," she relates. "But it takes more than just know-how, equipment, and a market. You must have cucumbers and a steady supply of good ones, plus other proper ingredients. My colleague, who finally solved that one, did it by getting her brother to start a farm and raise cucumbers scientifically. It's the same with our canning of fruit and juices. You have got to go out and recruit growers who will provide a dependable supply. What's available in the markets will not justify a factory.



QUAIL EGGS

Sally Acosta has long been interested in preserving eggs. She gleefully insists that her "century eggs" equal any of the mysterious, lime and rice-husk coated duck eggs the Chinese stores import from Hong Kong as "thousand year old eggs."

Quail are a delicacy in her home province of Pampanga. They are served flavored with liver in the traditional Filipino dish of *adobo*. When she discovered in 1960 that the lack of an egg market was driving many of the quail-raising hobbyists into bankruptcy, she had found a natural challenge.

Quail eggs had been purchased largely by Chinese restaurants. They were served in soup as a substitute for pigeon eggs which are credited with aphrodisiacal qualities. For export purposes, Sally early had decided that the best "potential" for quail eggs was to make them into a cocktail snack. The problem was to preserve them so that flavor and color would remain appetizing. "Look at those dark brown ones some of my competitors tried to make. Who would ever serve those?" They also had to use preservatives that would meet the standards of other countries, the United States, for example. After two years of research and experimentation, Sally was satisfied with her product.

In April 1962, ten cases—each holding 24 jars and marked with the "J & R" label—were delivered to local dealers for testing. The naming was a family affair, for her children are named Jennifer, Rene, and Jeanette. "Most dealers insisted the quail eggs were too hot, too spicy," Sally said. "We called them all back. Since then all my eggs have been prepared and marketed in two flavors, 'mild' and 'hot.' Customers preparing for a cocktail party have their choice, or they can serve both. It depends, of course, a little also on how much they want their guests to drink. The eggs sit firmly on a toothpick and look attractive in a cocktail, although most people seem to prefer to serve the eggs as an interesting item on the side.

"In organizing production, I decided to learn from the Japanese cottage industry," Sally explains. "That way I also conserve capital and remain flexible while we develop a market. We extended the ground floor of our house into a nice little plant. We are now set up to handle about one million quail eggs a month. If necessary I estimate this could be expanded to about two and a half million eggs without going to the investment of another, bigger plant, although we have just acquired the lot across the street for this purpose when it is needed.

"My labor force is recruited from our neighbors, chiefly their wives and children. They come in whenever we have an order. They have been trained to select and clean the eggs and shell them when they are cooked."

RAISING QUAIL AND CONTROLLING THE MARKET

Sally assured that production costs will remain about the same by moving in and helping to reorganize the quail raising industry. Earlier, due to wildly fluctuating egg prices and uncertainty of supply, she faced the prospect of being unable to meet a sustained demand for her product.

Then, too, the eggs she was buying were often poor in quality because they were neither properly kept nor delivered fresh. She was also concerned that competitors were entering the Manila quail egg market. She feared they might produce an inferior product and discredit all "Quail Eggs for Cocktails."

"We made the decision that we had to have control over the supply of eggs early in 1963," Sally recounts, "so we began researching to learn who was in the industry. For one month last year we advertised in the *Manila Times* and the *Daily*

Mirror. We announced that we would buy anything and everything in the quail line: birds, eggs, cages, or the lot. That way we found out who were the quail raisers. They were all looking for a market and were amazed. We had phone calls from priests and all sorts of people. I discovered that most of the quail raisers were like pussycats. They didn't want to be organized.

"Whenever we found a small raiser who wanted to sell, we went in and bought the birds and equipment. If the equipment was good we took it over, otherwise we burned it. Most of the birds were dressed and sold to restaurants." She had decided that the small raisers with only a few hundred birds would often hold their eggs too long. While waiting for enough eggs to accumulate before going to market, small producers often let their eggs spoil. It takes a minimum of at least 2,000 layers to justify the effort.

"To force the big raisers to the wall, we then created an artificial bigger surplus of eggs and drove the price even farther down. I was selling quail eggs we didn't have—this is a technique I learned from the Chinese. When we started we had identified about 50 quail raisers around Manila. Now there may be less than a dozen left, of whom about six count. It cost us several thousand pesos, but this was necessary for the industry until we can get it on its feet with a reputation for quality."

MARKETING PICKLED QUAIL EGGS

Sally's principal concern with her quail egg venture today is marketing. Over the past two years a taste for her "mild" and "hot" pickled quail eggs has made them popular among residents of Manila and smaller cities. But her goal is to become an exporter.

Sally has not invested in advertising. She has wanted to conserve her financial resources and depend upon word-of-mouth news of her product to generate interest. She has anticipated a market demand from the American military bases in the Philippines and neighboring Asian countries. But, she reports, a competitor's inferior product has discouraged interest there for the present. The two competitive brands of quail eggs are fading off the grocery shelves.

To expand Sally's preserved quail egg industry from the present production of 800 to 1,000 cases per month will require development of sales abroad. Mostly the "hot" quail eggs have been tested in America. Sally wonders whether the cautious American palate will take to these. She lived in the United States quite awhile and worked directly in nutritional planning and food preparation. She would prefer to push the "mild" eggs.

Sally is convinced that her quail eggs can have a place in the large American supermarkets. She is unfamiliar with the procedures for putting them there. It concerns her to learn that Japanese are now marketing preserved quail eggs in the United States at a price similar to her own.

She recently appointed distributors in Australia, New Zealand, and France, although sales there have yet to develop.

BUSINESS CONCERNS

Sally soon must make a basic choice.

Should she continue to build her enterprise gradually as in the past? Or should she enlarge her operations by taking in outside capital? Only with substantial additional capital could she undertake large-scale promotion of pickled quail eggs and expand the production and sales of other products such as canned tropical juices and fruits.

Sally sees tempting opportunities but questions whether she should reach for them. Should she undertake the dressing and packing of frozen quail for shipment to the United States? She calculates these could be prepared inexpensively in the Philippines for a fraction of the price at which they are selling in the American market. But this would require a large-scale operation and major financial investment. Another possibility would be introduction for sale abroad of Philippine-canned tropical juices and fruits.

For all of her enthusiasm and drive, Sally also insists upon being systematic. As she sums it up, quail eggs are her first project. "I am the type who starts only one line at a time and concentrates. I feel once you establish a good product it will carry itself."

What do you suppose Sally is doing now?

READING: CULTURE: THE IDEAS WE LIVE BY

Culture consists of the ideas that we share with others, which are the basis of our feelings, our behaviors, our beliefs and our values. Culture is not "out there," but in us.

The concept of culture is an abstraction. It does not refer to anything you can point to and say, "See, there it is." The reality behind the concept of culture is the shared ideas in the minds of individuals, the ideas by which they live their lives.

We share most of our ideas with other people, most of our ideas with some other people, and a few of our ideas with no other people.

The ideas we share with all other people are of a very general nature. We must eat, we must protect ourselves from extreme cold or heat, we must have water, we must sleep and so forth. It is such universally shared ideas that give rise to the broad similarities in all cultures.

But we see these similarities only when we focus on things that all people have in common and ignore all the differences. We begin to see the outlines of particular cultures when we concern ourselves with the incredibly rich variety of ways in which particular groups of people satisfy these common human needs. For example, given the fact that all people must eat to live, we can ask questions such as what people consider to be food (witchety grubs, clarified butter, cow's blood or chocolate covered ants), how they get it, when, how much, how often, and where and with whom they prepare and eat it. These questions will call forth different answers, based on different ideas, from different people. It is such ideas as these that are the basis of cultural differences.

In short, people are everywhere presented with the same problems of satisfying biological necessities, but how we satisfy them is not biologically determined. Within broad limits, how we satisfy these biological needs is determined by an agreement in our own culture that some ways are better than others.

No specific cultural idea carries with it the element of necessity. In other words, there is nothing necessary about any particular idea in one's culture (or in one's own mind). Incredibly strong preferences and prejudices come to be associated with some of our cultural notions--preferences so strong, in fact, that some people would rather die or kill others than change them. But none of these cultural preferences carries with it biological necessity in the sense that if we don't follow it death will result. Culture creates many of our preferences. We are a product of our culture. If we want to understand people, we must therefore study culture.

TELL THEM APART

He was a small, thin man. When we entered his shop to get out of the rain he made no move toward us. He just sat there with hands folded at the back of the store. Only when we picked up an item of merchandise did he rise.

"Very nice fan," he suggested. We were looking through a pile of Japanese-made silk fans. "Pretty for lady," he encouraged.

Looking further the shelves were filled with bolts of cloth and boys and vases. Everything imaginable—but different. We had left Chinatown, planning to walk to the new Japanese-American section of San Francisco. Rain had stopped us here, midway.

"Where were you born"? I asked the standard *take-the-edge-off-by-being-naive* question.

"Korea," he answered, "but I am an American." Two hours later we were still there. Mostly he did the talking. He was lonely and we enjoyed every minute. In brief, this was his story:

I came to this country in 1909. I represented Japanese and Korean companies. I traveled and sold goods to local merchants all over the United States. We called them "nickel and dime" stores—like Woolworths.

The business got better and better. Eventually I had ten men working for me. My wife and two daughters lived in a fine house in San Francisco. We had servants.

Then, in 1941 I was in Kansas on business. I came out of the hotel for a walk and a crowd attacked and beat me. I didn't know what was going on. A policeman watched but didn't stop them. I was all bruised and bloody and he said he would arrest me.

For months I could not get home. My clothes became ragged. My money had been taken. They called me a "Jap" and it was no use to explain I was a Korean-American.

Pay phones were not available then the way we have them now. I didn't know about my family but felt they must be secure. At night I walked west along roads and railroad tracks. No one would help me. Several times I was put in jails.

In Cheyenne, Wyoming, I was reading a newspaper taken from an alley garbage can. There was a big ad saying call a certain number and Henry J. Kaiser would provide transportation to Oakland, California. It said he needed workers to build ships.

So I took the ad and went to the police station and begged them to help me by calling the number. They read the ad and called.

During the war years I worked in Oakland. My home had been taken. My wife and daughters had been taken to detention camps. After the war they were never in good health and have since died.

Now I am old. This store is all I have. My family is all gone.

"Aren't you bitter?" I asked. He seemed so calm while telling his story. "No," he answered. "I am a citizen of the United States. Those old days are gone."

Chinese *Japanese*

HOW TO TELL YOUR FRIENDS FROM THE JAPS

Of these four faces of young men (*above*) and middle-aged men (*below*) the two on the left are Chinese, the two on the right Japanese. There is no infallible way of telling them apart, because the same racial strains are mixed in both. Even an anthropologist, with calipers and plenty of time to measure heads, noses, shoulders, hips, is sometimes stumped. A few rules of thumb—not always reliable:

▶ Some Chinese are tall (average: 5 ft. 5 in.). Virtually all Japanese are short (average: 5 ft. 2½ in.).

▶ Japanese are likely to be stockier and broader-hipped than short Chinese.

▶ Japanese—except for wrestlers—are seldom fat; they often dry up and grow lean as they age. The Chinese often put on weight, particularly if they are prosperous (in China, with its frequent famines, being fat is esteemed as a sign of being a solid citizen).

▶ Chinese, not as hairy as Japanese, seldom grow an impressive mustache.

▶ Most Chinese avoid horn-rimmed spectacles.

▶ Although both have the typical epicanthic fold of the upper eyelid (which makes them look almond-eyed), Japanese eyes are usually set closer together.

▶ Those who know them best often rely on facial expression to tell them apart: the Chinese expression is likely to be more placid, kindly, open; the Japanese more positive, dogmatic, arrogant.

In Washington, last week, Correspondent Joseph Chiang made things much easier by pinning on his lapel a large badge reading "Chinese Reporter—NOT *Japanese*—Please."

▶ Some aristocratic Japanese have thin, aquiline noses, narrow faces and, except for their eyes, look like Caucasians.

▶ Japanese are hesitant, nervous in conversation, laugh loudly at the wrong time.

▶ Japanese walk stiffly erect, hard-heeled. Chinese, more relaxed, have an easy gait, sometimes shuffle.

Chinese *Japanese*

Carl Mydans, Black Star

TIME, December 22, 1941, page 33.

EDUCATION AND OPPORTUNITY FOR IMMIGRANTS

Amador is a Cuban refugee in his mid-forties. He runs a neighborhood evening school in the heart of Miami's Little Havana section. "Little" Havana now sprawls across more than 600 square blocks. It is a community dominated by several hundred thousand Cubans. They come to Amador's school to acquire many of the skills they need to survive and prosper in the United States. There they have English lessons, or learn how to pass a licensing examination for electrical contractors, or talk about organizing Cubans to meet their own social needs.

* * * * *

Marino Lopez-Blanco, a 44-year-old psychiatric social worker, is an example of the early upper class immigrant. He was a lawyer in Havana at the time of the Castro revolution. He arrived in the United States in 1959 with $4000—soon eaten up by living expenses—and some knowledge of English. Like most of the Cubans who came here before 1965, he thought his stay would only be temporary. "I told my wife why should I try to build a profession here, when we were going back? So I worked as a liquor store delivery man, a supermarket clerk, in a factory—every job there was, I had it."

Finally, Marino sought help from the Cuban Refugee Program. "They looked over my educational background in Cuba and said I could be two things—a teacher or a social worker." Lopez-Blanco took a job as a social worker with Spanish-speaking welfare recipients.

"Social work gave me the opportunity to regain something very valuable to every human being—a sense of identity. The same thing happened to my wife from a different perspective. When I went to get a master's degree in social work, she took a job to support the family. She had never worked before, but a doctor told her if she was willing to try, he was willing to train her. Now she is a medical assistant to a famous surgeon."

* * * * *

Manuel and Julia Garcia arrived with only the clothes on their backs. Manuel was a 17-year-old with no job experience of any kind. "I had to make money. So I quit school when I was 18 and took a job in a gas station. Then I went to work as a bus boy for Harbor Island Spa on Miami Beach. They had a hotel up north. I'd work the winters here and follow the trade north in the summer. Eventually, I worked my way up to be the maitre d'hotel, and then I could save money from tips." By working 18-hour days, Manuel saved enough money to open his own clothing factory in 1971. He and his wife began the business with $5,000 and eight sewing machines. Now the factory has 42 employees. Times are hard and profits are small. But Manuel and Julia are hardworking and optimistic.

* * * * *

Carlos Rivera is still another type of refugee. Unable to obtain an exit visa, he made the dangerous illegal trip from Cuba to Miami in a home-made boat in 1970. He came from a peasant family that had never owned land. Rivera did not speak any English when he arrived in Miami. But he started attending night school immediately and found a job on an American-owned fishing boat. Now he works as a fisherman by day and a waiter by night. He wants to save enough money to buy his own boat. His wife Maria is outspoken on the subject of women's rights. "I want to fish with my husband on the boat, but the Americans say it not woman's job. Now I work in a beauty shop. When we buy a boat, I be fisherwoman. The sea, I love her. I only weigh 120, but I can land any kind of fish." Unlike many of the Cubans, the Riveras no longer consider themselves refugees. "America is my country now," Carlos Rivera says. "When I have children, I want them to speak Spanish and English. I want them to be proud of where they came from, but America is my choice. I will own my boat here. My family owned nothing in the old Cuba and nothing in the new Cuba."

* * * * *

Southern Florida has been deeply affected by recent Cuban immigration. Cuban refugees of the 1960s included small businessmen, middle-level civil servants, teachers, technicians, urban factory workers, peasants, fishermen, and unskilled urban workers. Regardless of economic level or job experience, most of the refugees came from Cuba with no money and no property. At the time, Miami's job market was depressed. Many officials feared the Cubans would become permanent welfare cases. Instead, they pumped new economic energy into the Miami area.

Cuban economic influence is still growing. Cubans are moving into skilled blue-collar and low-level white-collar jobs. And they are moving into financial areas. A visit to any bank in the Miami area shows why educated Cubans now have an advantage over Americans looking for jobs. About one-third of bank employees in Miami are Cubans.

An American bank executive explained, "if you're looking for a secretary or a loan officer, you're going to prefer a bilingual person to one who only speaks English. The Cubans are bilingual. Most Americans are not."

More American adults are now attending evening Spanish classes. And a small but growing number of parents are pushing to improve Spanish instruction in Miami's elementary schools.

- CREDIT -

These Cuban-American scenarios are adapted, with permission, from The Alicia Patterson Foundation newsletters by Susan Jacoby, a freelance writer and 1974 Alicia Patterson Foundation award winner.

IMMIGRANT JOB SEEKER: SKILLED

"Let's see, Mrs. Schneider. You and your husband have just arrived in this country. And let me say how pleased we are that you came here. The record shows that you are a medical doctor. Well now, that means you are Dr. Schneider. Please excuse my earlier reference. Yes. Well, now. You won't be able to practice here, of course. But then a person with so many degrees, so much training.... We'll find something!"

"Yes, yes. Here's a listing which might be suitable. We do guarantee to provide employment for all immigrants. This position is for a dietician, let's say. You would help prepare food for patients in the city hospital. Do you think that would be satisfactory?

"Once we get you placed, perhaps you'll be able to take courses at our medical school. You'll be right there. It's near the hospital. And with your background, I'm sure you'd do well. We need many more doctors."

IMMIGRANT JOB SEEKER: UNSKILLED

"You certainly picked the right country when you left your homeland, Mr. Kang. We have an almost unlimited need for laborers. You are welcome indeed."

The employment service interviewer paused momentarily. She thought to herself, "He doesn't understand what I'm saying."

Mr. Kang sat quietly, his hands folded in his lap. He seemed to smile constantly. To himself he thought, "What a large woman. And she talks so loud. Maybe she thinks I'm deaf. I understand what she's saying but so far she hasn't said anything important. When will she offer a job?"

"Street sweeper. Would you like to be a street sweeper, Mr. Kang? The pay is modest, but then you have little education...."

"But much experience," he interrupted.

"Yes," she agreed, "but that was somewhere else. Now you have an opportunity to learn a new system. After awhile you can be promoted. Perhaps when you are well settled, other jobs will become available. What do you say? Do you want the job?"

ACTIVITY: ATTITUDES

Instructions: Use a separate sheet of paper to complete one of the following activities.

Activity I:

"What a mass of figures the superpowers have calculated in order to prove that the population is too large, the food supply too small and material resources insufficient! But they never calculate the amount of natural resources they have plundered, the social wealth they have grabbed and the super-profits they have extorted from Asia, Africa and Latin America. Should an account be made of their exploitation, the truth with regard to the population problem will at once be out!"

Huang Shutse, Vice-Minister of Health
of the People's Republic of China,
Head of Chinese Delegation to
the World Population Conference,
Bucharest, Romania, August 19-30, 1974

1. How do you react to Mr. Huang's statement?

2. What is he saying about you?

3. On a scale from strongly agree +10 to strongly disagree -10, how would you rate the statement in terms of:

   a. Its truthfulness?
   b. Its insightfulness?
   c. Its powerfulness?
   d. Its effectiveness?
   e. Its acceptability?

4. What are Mr. Huang's images of us?

Activity II:

Write a short story about attitudes that students in your school would have toward a new student if he or she:

a. spoke with a different regional accent and/or
b. had a different ethnic heritage from other students in school and/or
c. belonged to an unfamiliar religious group and/or
d. dressed differently and/or
e. ate unfamiliar food and refused to eat some of your foods.

Write your story as you wish. It can be written from the perspective of the new student, or as a description of attitudes other students have, or any other possibility you can imagine.

READING: A CASE OF "SMALLPOX"

During early 1961, the ten-year-old son of a very poor, illiterate lower class family with whom I had been close friends for many years contracted a bad cough. His parents consulted me and I consulted a doctor in their behalf. It was decided that a course of sulfa drugs and aspirin would adequately deal with the condition. It seemed to be only a bad cold. Shortly after initiating this therapy I left the village for several days. When I returned friends informed me that Balaka (the boy's name) had grown gravely ill in my absence and the parents were extremely worried. The parents, however, had not summoned me upon my return so I rushed to their small dwelling at the end of the village.

When I reached the place, the door was closed and some of the other young children of the household were sitting disconsolately about in the front compound. When I asked where the parents were, the children were evasive. Finally, I learned from them that their mother had shut herself up inside the house with Balaka and had left word for me that my assistance was not required. I knocked on the door, however, and when there was no response, I pushed it open and entered. Lying on a stringed cot and covered by a blanket I found Balaka and his mother. It was clear that the child was desperately ill. His fever was very high and he was weak and incoherent. His mother, however, kept insisting that everything was all right and that my help was not needed. This agitated me greatly so I went to search for Balaka's father who, I thought as head of the household would be more reasonable.

It was only after locating Balaka's father that I learned what the trouble was. They believed he was suffering from smallpox and that all one could do under the circumstances was to make the boy abstain from eating and perform religious rites. I insisted that a doctor be summoned at once and Balaka's father finally reluctantly agreed, largely because my status and our friendship made it impossible for him flatly to refuse.

By the time I returned with a doctor, the boy's father had been joined by his wife, his two adult sisters and his aged mother. The mother had been abandoned many years ago by her husband and had been the family's head ever since. She was very strong-willed, energetic, aggresive, and outspoken. In the interim this old matriarch had clearly assumed control of her family and was now leading the group that barred the entry of the doctor and me into the house where Balaka lay. The argument that ensued centered around the issue of whether the doctor should be allowed to intervene in an illness that called for religious measures alone. The women became frenzied and shouted and wailed that to permit injections, or even an examination, would further anger Bhagoti Mai and then she would kill Balaka for certain.

After much effort, I convinced the old matriarch and her daughters and daughter-in-law that they could safely permit an examination of Balaka by the doctor provided he promised to administer no medicines of any kind. The doctor made his examination and concluded that this was not a case of smallpox but of pneumonia and bronchitis made worse by the fast which the child had been compelled

to endure. But by now the doctor had become extremely truculent over the reception he had received at the hands of people whom he deemed social inferiors and ignorant savages. He had called the grandmother an old hag and had berated the whole family for their blind superstition which prevented them from getting the help required to save this boy's life. After the examination and some further refusal by Balaka's domestic group to accept modern medicine, the doctor departed in anger from the village and vowed to have no further dealings with the case.

[Source: Harold A. Gould, Modern Medicine and Folk Cognition in Rural India, pp. 326 ff.]

READING: PERCEPTIONS AND PERSPECTIVES

"PEANUTS CARTOON" REMOVED FROM DOCUMENT PRIOR TO ITS BEING SHIPPED TO EDRS BECAUSE OF COPYRIGHT RESTRICTIONS.

How do you describe the differences between perceptions and perspectives? What does the cartoon strip tell you about reasons for differing perceptions? What does it tell you about reasons for differing perspectives? How does the article below illustrate stereotyping?

Study Says Asian Americans Suffer From False Image

LOS ANGELES, March 29 (UPI) — Asian Americans are hampered by their image as members of a "model minority" who work hard and cause no trouble, according to a Federal study.

"Asian Americans have suffered silently," said Joseph Brooks, acting regional director of the United States Commission on Civil Rights. The commission's report Tuesday concluded a year-long study.

"These people have been described by a majority of society as a model minority who have been assimilated into American society," Mr. Brooks said. "The testimony we've received contradicts this."

He said employers think of Chinese and Japanese Americans as "super workers," and so ask them to work overtime, thinking they are cooperative because they are industrious. Actually, he said, Asian Americans do not resist abuses because they fear being fired.

Stereotypes are "pictures in our heads." They serve the purpose of making the world we perceive more manageable, because they allow us to identify individuals according to the characteristics of groups to which they belong, rather than as individuals. Even though they sometimes have a kernel of truth, stereotypes can

be very misleading. A stereotype is a preconceived belief about a class of individuals, groups or objects. That means that the belief does not come as a result of a fresh perception of the person, group or object, but comes as a result of ideas we already have about other members of that class of people, groups or objects. Stereotypes are not necessarily negative, although they often are. It's possible to have positive attitudes toward a group of people (they are clever, trustworthy, friendly, etc.) or negative attitudes (they are sneaky, dishonest, unkind, etc.). If you hold either positive or negative attitudes toward a group, and then apply them to a member of that group whom you do not evaluate as an individual, you have applied a stereotype.

We perceive people and objects from our perspective. If our perspective includes a stereotype of people in a group, our perception is stereotypic. Select one or more of the following five readings and look for examples of stereotyping. When you do this, identify the perspective(s) and the perception(s) that are present, and decide whether the perceptions are stereotypic.

Who are you?

What are you doing?

What do you think?

Where are you going to be next year?

What will you be in the future?

Take a mirror and look into it. What do you see? How do you describe this person?

Observe your own behavior. How does it look to you? How would it look to another? Of your actions, what would a subsistence farmer, or a nomad, or a female fruit seller say? Would an Asian rice farmer view you differently than an Asian banker? To an African rural girl would you appear differently than to an African urban girl?

Each of us has a set of perceptions of ourselves. These self-concepts are strong. They affect almost everything we do. At the same time we have perceptions of others. How does the concept of self relate to our images of others? A part of what we see in others is a reflection of ourselves. What I am, what we are is often described in terms of others. The statement "I am _____ " is often completed in the negative. Or it may be completed by describing a group to which we feel we belong.

Is any person not an individual? Is any self not also another—to someone else?

How to classify people is a significant human cultural problem. That differences exist among individuals is obvious. But there are too many people about to perceive everyone singly. Thus we group them according to conscious or subconscious criteria. Perhaps we group all the ones with long ear lobes. Among them some have ear lobes which are attached closely while others remain loosely separated from the face. Skin color, physical size, age, occupation, religious beliefs—all are possible bases for classification.

Why classify people is the next logical question. Classification helps protect our self-concept. "*They* are white while *I* am black." "*We* are dark and *they* are light." "*I* am *right* and *they* are *wrong*." Perhaps this thought lies at the heart of the matter. It is one of the substances of which cultures can be created or destroyed.

Look at yourself again, then at your classmates, and so on in an ever-expanding vision.

Who are you?

Who are they?

What do you think?

What do they think?

What do I think of them?

What do they think of me?

What will I be like in the future?

What will they be like in the future?

Will *I* be like *them*?

Will *they* be like *me*?

PAGES 60-63 REMOVED DUE TO COPYRIGHT RESTRICTIONS PRIOR TO BEING SHIPPED

THE YUB

by Dlawso Semaj

"They are a pitiful people," the visiting anthropologist remarked. "Rarely do they let their bodies rest."

"After sleeping in their cubicles or little boxes, these people rush out in river-like streams. The males hasten to other boxes where they sit much of the time, though some move about briskly sipping a bitter black liquid which they brew. Females tend to remain in the night cubicle during much of the day. And among them the basic Yub ritual is highly refined and frequently repeated.

" In the ceremony they enter oblong cubicles made of painted metal and these have the ability to roll about while being guided by the Yub seated nearest the fifth wheel. They propel themselves along strips of a black sticky material to very large cubicles where the temple rituals are fulfilled. These structures are called SEROTS and they are filled with many objects, most of which are in very small cubicles shaped similarly to their sleeping quarters and the SEROTS themselves."

But why, we interrupted, why do they behave in this manner? Are you certain that what you are saying is correct? Did you actually live among them and observe over a long period of time?

"Oh yes indeed. I was with them more than thirty of their years," the speaker replied. "As to the truth of my report, well, I have photographs and motion pictures, and documents written in their own symbolic language. I even have recordings of the sounds they make, if you care to listen."

His credibility had been accepted. He could go on without interruption and did. "In the SEROTS temples they run about picking up and putting down things. The transaction whereby a Yub gives small pieces of matted fiber and metallic discs in return for the objects contained in what they call SEXOB is the essence of their culture, its very nerve center. They take their name from the ceremony itself. It is the Yub ritual and they are the Yub people. They do other things, but in the Yub ceremony the full culture is exhibited most clearly. It is something, I must confess, I quite enjoy watching. And over the thirty years I observed I must have seen all but the most secret variations of the ceremony.

"These, the secret affairs, apparently take place in the center and upper levels of the SEROTS.Once I tried to enter these chambers from which one sees the persons in charge going and coming. A weapon-bearing official stopped me, pointed at a symbol picture and read it to me. 'SEEYOLPME YLNO,' he said. Having no wish to frustrate them or violate a taboo, I left. What goes on behind those entrances I cannot report. All I have seen is the SEROTS attendants and officials carrying objects and SEXOB in and out. Oh yes. And they do carry the matted paper and metal discs into the inner chambers periodically. They have a system of high pitched sounds which are used regularly when the YENOM is handled. These sounds with the ritual coughing and nose blowing and many colored lights present quite a ceremony. People sway as they move around and frequently cluster about displays of objects made to resemble their body parts and spraying centers where essences are dispensed from brightly colored vials by a device which requires a rapid squeezing motion. It's quite something to see.

"And now, if I may be excused, I think it is near our rest time. Shall we retire to our spheres and return here tomorrow. I am anxious to share with you more of my observations of the Yub. In their language I will say farewell, EYB EYBDOOG."

Who are the Yub?

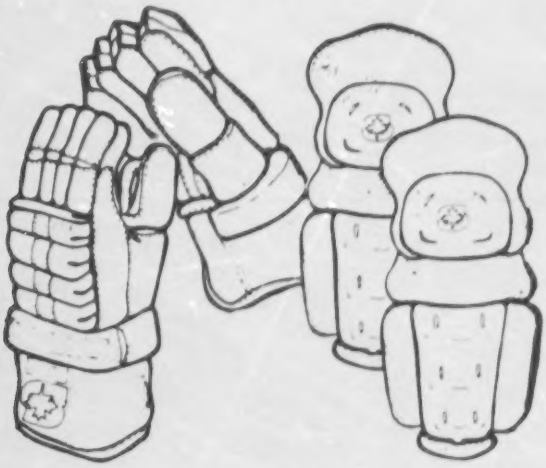
How are you related to the Yub?

How would you describe other Yub behaviors and beliefs and interactions?

From what other perspectives can the Yub be perceived?

How is this report on the Yub accurate or otherwise?

Given an assignment to write an essay about cultures which coexist with the Yub, who would you choose? ECILOP? YPPIH? SEEKNAY? TNAHCREM? STNARGIM? ETELHTA? Others? What would you write?



Illustrations are of YUB artifacts and symbols retrieved from their documents.

THEM AND US IN THE NEWS

"Hey, look—there is fighting again in the Middle East!"
"I don't understand any of that mess, and I could care less!"

"How about that! Tanaka resigned in Japan!"
"Who's Tanaka?"

"Oh, no—more of those senseless IRA bombings in London."
"What difference does it make to me? Let them bomb."

"Well, whaddya know, another attempted coup in Bolivia!"
"Who cares?"

"And here's an article about the latest in the Watergate cover-up trial..."
"Lemme see that! Did you hear what Mitchell said the other day? And that guy Ehrlichman—and now Nixon. Do you think we'll ever get the whole story? Did you read about what Judge Sirica did the day when they were all yelling at each other? And what about...."

* * * * *

A television newsman, arriving at the base of his first overseas assignment, asked the bureau manager: "What kind of stories should I be looking for?"

Without hesitation his superior replied: "I'd say, about a minute minus ten, a minute minus 20."

It is a foreign correspondent's joke. Relatively little of what they film ever shows up on the television screens. For the most part, "foreign news" is treated like a spare tire. One network correspondent complained in a recent interview that less than one-tenth of the material he filed was ever used. When not much news is being made, the "foreign" pieces can be brought in as "filler."

* * * * *

QUESTIONS TO CONSIDER

1. How often are events from other parts of the world reported in our news?
2. How would you account for the apparent disinterest in events elsewhere?
3. What aspects of "foreign affairs" are emphasized in the news?
4. Are our news media critical of events in our country?
5. How do you suppose events such as the Watergate scandals are reported in other countries?
6. Make a survey of news reporting in a local and a national newspaper. How much space is devoted to foreign news? How much to national events? Local events? Is there a difference in attention to detail? Scope?
7. What does your research on "them and us" in the news tell you about the culture you live in?

WHAT'S ON TV?

What do you watch on television?

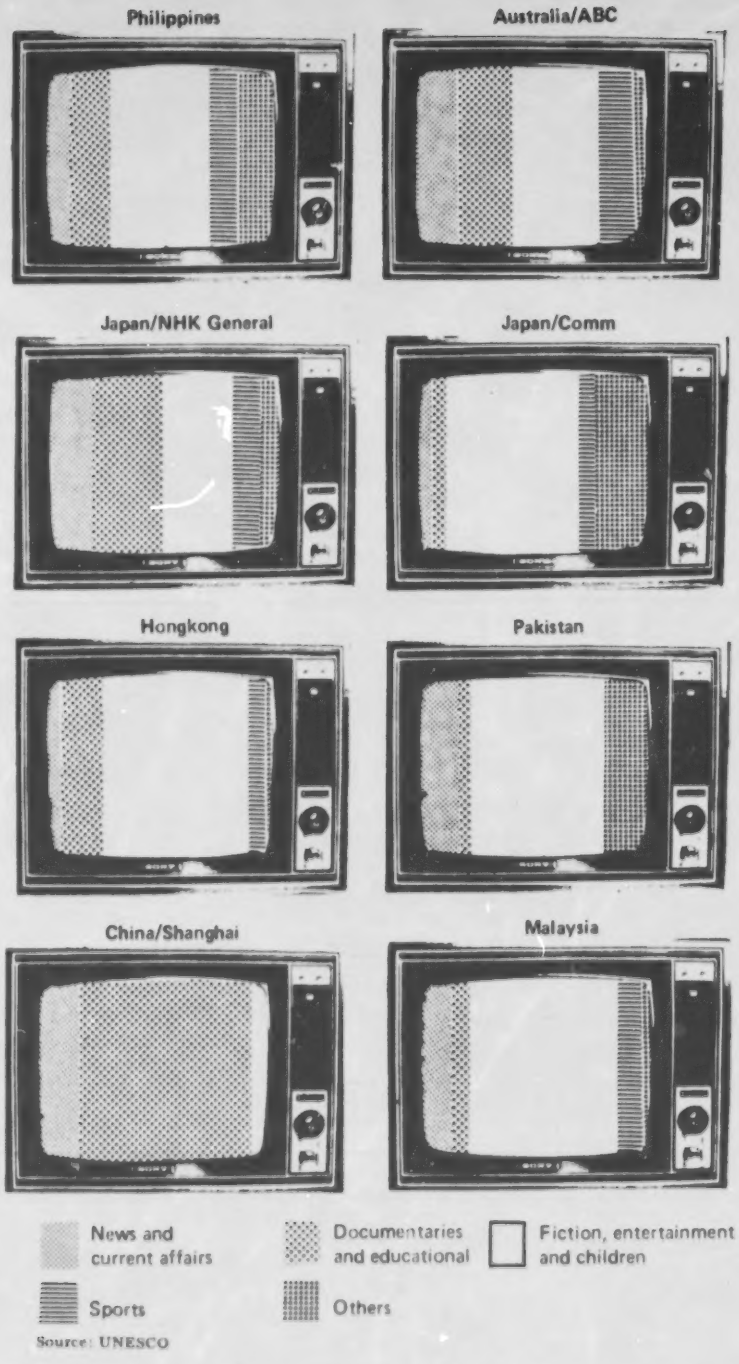
How do television programs tell us about our culture?

This graph shows a recent study of what is on television in a number of countries in Asia. How do they compare with our own television programming?

Conduct a study of television programs and viewing habits in your community. You might begin with the following list of program types, and you may wish to add more categories to the list:

> News, current events, documentaries, educational, sports, fiction drama series (serious and melodrama), movies, variety shows, children's shows, religious, music (popular and classical).

How many programs of each type are shown in your community? Then take a poll in your neighborhood and see what people say their viewing preferences are. How does your information compare with that of other students? Does programming reflect the public's taste?



The general structure of TV programmes in Asia of the present inventory

VIOLENCE AND THE COWBOY LEGEND*

Kent E. Robinson, M.D.

The American people have a violent legend about the history of the settlement of the western part of the United States. This legend is often accepted as history, which it is not. The American legend of the Old West has been promulgated in innumerable books, stories, comic strips, touring wild west shows, radio programs, movies, and TV programs. On television, the Western Story, in one form or another endures and prospers year after year, while stories about doctors, lawyers, or spacemen enjoy a few seasons of popularity and disappear. Obviously, they are enjoyed by young and old alike. "Bonanza" and "Gunsmoke" have each enjoyed well over a decade of popularity in prime evening time where they are obviously watched by an adult audience.

According to this legend, during some timeless period of America's past, our western frontier was a lawless and violent section of the nation where the Marshal mastered the outlaws, the U.S. Cavalry mastered the savage Indians, and the cowboy mastered stampeding herds of cattle or buffalo.

I would like to contrast legend with historical fact in respect to a highly distorted figure in western legend: The United States Marshal.

According to the legend, the United States Marshal in the frontier town rid the town of outlaws by means of the classic shootout or gun duel.

Such a legendary frontier marshal was Wyatt Earp, who actually was United States Marshal of Wichita and Dodge City, Kansas and Tombstone, Arizona. According to the violent *legend* of Wyatt Earp, as set forth in countless stories, movies, and a TV program of several years ago, Wyatt, almost single-handedly, cleaned up the outlaw element in each of these towns by killing them. Supposedly, he killed thousands of outlaws, risked his life thousands of times, and was motivated only by sheer altruism and the thanks of the grateful townspeople. What better motives for risking his life could there have been?

Turning to the historical fact, let me quote from Earp himself about his *actual* methods and motives as a Marshal. For any of you who are interested, I recommend most highly a book titled "Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal" by Stuart Lake. This is a remarkable book first published in 1931. It was written by Stuart Lake in collaboration with Wyatt Earp, who spent the last two years of his life talking to Lake to "make the truth known in print...and correct many mythic tales about me." Poor Wyatt did not realize that he was bucking a legend and that people have more need for legends than they do for history. He died, shortly before the book was published, in 1929 at the age of eighty-one, of natural causes. He was never wounded in a gunfight in his entire life. He was Marshal of Dodge City, one of the toughest cow towns in the West, from May 1876 to September 1879. During that entire period he killed only one man. There is no doubt that he tamed the town, but here is how he did it.

Marshal Earp had three deputies. Their salaries were $250 per month for Earp and $75 per month for each of three deputies. The most important law which they enforced was the one which forbade the wearing or discharging of firearms within the town limits—the country's first gun control law! Anyone so caught was automatically arrested. A bounty of $2.50 was paid for every arrest and conviction made. Earp states, "I told my deputies that all bounties would be pooled and shared, but would be paid only when prisoners were taken alive. Dead ones wouldn't count...killing was to be our last resort.... Mayor Hoover had hired me to cut down the killings in Dodge, not to increase them.

"With this policy, we organized for a fairly peaceful summer. There were some killings in personal quarrels, but none by peace officers. We winged a few tough customers who insisted on shooting, but none of the victims died. On the other hand, we split $700 or $800 in bounties each month. That means some three hundred arrests every thirty days, and as practically every prisoner heaved into the calaboose was thoroughly buffaloed

*Adapted with the author's permission from an illustrated film lecture.

in the process, we made quite a dent in cowboy conceit."

What were the results of this approach? The official records of Dodge City which are still available reveal that this police force went from a highest monthly average of four hundred arrests and convictions in July 1877 down to a total of only twenty-nine arrests for the *entire year* of 1879. It is no wonder that Wyatt Earp turned to gambling and before long, headed for Tombstone to become the Marshal there in order to make a living. The law had come to Dodge City. It came in a ruthless and efficient fashion. But, already we can see the romantic appeal of the *legend* of Wyatt Earp risking his life for sheer altruism over the factual *history* as told by Wyatt Earp, the professional policeman, who was indeed brave, but also arrested people to make money, not just uphold goodness. When the money stopped, Wyatt moved on. He risked his life as seldom as possible and only shot one man during his tenure in Dodge.

However, it is not the purpose of this paper to debunk the legend of the Old West, but rather to substantiate that it is indeed a legend and not history. To begin to find an answer to the puzzle of the popularity of the western legend, let us examine the basic theme of the legend. The hero journeys into the place of evil, he is beset by forces of darkness, he overcomes them by his special strength, borne of goodness, and emerges triumphant. Now the Cowboy Hero from the West immediately becomes more familiar. We have met him before in ancient Greece, in Camelot, and in Sherwood Forest.

Some have searched for psychoanalytic explanations for legends and have concluded that the struggles of the Hero are a prototype of a child's oedipal struggles. The Hero is rigidly good, moral, kind, honest, courageous, courteous, and just. He is physically clean and often dressed in white. Strict rules govern his conduct. It is more important for the Hero to observe the rules than to attain victory by breaking them. Indeed, at times the Hero appears to have lost the struggle because he has stuck to the rules, but his choice of right is vindicated by the ultimate triumph of good over evil in the end. All instinctual impulses that are forbidden are externalized and projected onto the villains, who are the complete antithesis of the Hero. Villains or outlaws are the embodiment of all that is evil, mean, cruel, dishonest, cowardly, and treacherous.

The Hero (the ego) never has a family and comes from a distant place. Thus, he is theoretically excused from the need to feel anxious about any oedipal attachments to characters in the ensuing plot. That is, we are guaranteed that the Hero is not only unrelated to the characters, he doesn't even come from the same part of the country. Thus in Owen Wister's great classic, "The Virginian," the Hero came from several thousand miles away. He is the epitome of the Family Romance Hero.

The western story is saturated with the themes of violence and aggression; how they manifest themselves and the many ways in which they may be controlled. The Hero and villain alike are allowed equally free rein in the expression of aggression, although, of course, the Hero's aggression is good and constructive while the villain's aggression is always bad and destructive.

There are often *several* father figures which may be split up into villains, well-meaning, but incompetent sheriffs, old ranchers who need rescuing, and sidekicks or buddies of the Hero who are often quite bumbling and childlike.

Villains are often dressed in dark clothes or business suits with vests, like father. They often have facial hair, like father. Villains are totally without any redeeming feature whatsoever. They vie with the Hero for possession of the mother, usually portrayed as a young maiden.

All of the foregoing is permeated by one overriding theme. This I will call, for want of a better word, the theme of mastery. The Hero (ego) is continually threatened with being totally overwhelmed by some form of externalized danger. The ego mobilizes its various synthetic functions, tackles the problems and finally emerges triumphant. This is the central theme of the Marshal's shootout with the outlaw. The point here is not just that the externalized instinctual impulse has been inhibited or suppressed, rather, it has been resolved and apparently mastered. This is done with a sense of satisfaction and it is the climax of the Western story. The Hero-ego and his energies are then free to master further threats to his very existence.

* * * * *

What is the effect of this legend on the American people? The cowboy legend assumes that violence can be controlled by the use of violence. To some extent, the American people subscribe to this legend and are universally attracted to a legend of a "latency" in our own western history when all unacceptable impulses were successfully warded off and mastered by the use of violence. Recent studies of Middle America reveal that *most* of the American people do indeed have just such a *conventional*, law and order morality, in Kohlberg's terms. Only 10 per cent of the American people supported the demonstrators at the 1968 Chicago Democratic Convention, about 75 per cent approved of the Chicago conspiracy trial, over 50 per cent of the general population blamed the Kent State killings on the students, and over one-third believed that Dr. Martin Luther King "brought it on himself," and the National Rifle Association routinely defeats any attempt at gun control laws which Wyatt Earp recognized the need of almost 100 years ago. One more example, in Arkansas, in the fall of 1970, "two good and moderate men running for Governor both went out of their way to pledge that they would send live ammunition with the troops if students ever became violent in that state."

I'm not suggesting that the American Legend of the Old West causes conventional, law and order morality, rather, the legend would seem to be a manifestation of conventional morality. Unfortunately, the wide acceptance and enduring quality of the legend does nothing to *change* conventional morality, either. The frontier justice method of dealing with today's complex social issues must change, as must conventional morality change, if our country is to endure. Perhaps if we could begin by treating cowboy legends as legends, and not as history, we might stop using them as blueprints for National policy in dealing with "bad blacks," "bad students," "bad hippies," etc.

In summary, I've been attempting to show that the cowboy movies are really legends of violence—and not historical fact. This is not the fault of the movie or TV industry, but rather a reflection of mankind's need for legends. The fact that mankind needs legends is due to its need to master its outlawed impulses—be they violent and aggressive or sexual. It is my hope that we might begin treating the legend as a legend and not as history which points the way to a solution to our current social ills.

STRIP MINING

Bud Redding grew up in Sarpy Creek, Montana, after his father moved the family up from Indian territory in Oklahoma more than sixty years ago. Most of the Reddings' waking hours have been devoted to improving the old homestead. The senior Reddings still live in the original log cabin, where they raised their son, John. They taught him a rare combination of cattle and farming lore that has enabled all the Reddings—three generations now—to earn an adequate living on their place. To them, Sarpy Creek offers some of the most uncluttered land and the cleanest air in America.

John Redding had his own house built down the road from his parents'. Today he raises the Redding cattle and sows the wheat. The land is arid—less than fifteen inches of rainfall annually—and the topsoil often no more than a few inches thick. But the Reddings produce as much as fifty bushels of wheat an acre, without fertilization, by rotating the land between crops of grass and grain.

Underneath the land there are vast deposits of low sulphur coal in eastern Montana, northern Wyoming, and western North Dakota. Thick black seams of coal often lie only a few feet below the surface. This coal is relatively easy and inexpensive to mine. It takes about half the time to develop a strip mine as a deep coal mine. Deep mining techniques and federal safety regulations are costly. Strip mining in the upper midwest means big, quick profits.

Westmoreland Resources is a coal mining company interested in the land around Sarpy Creek. Their strip mine already skirts the Reddings' barbed wire fence. The cavernous mining hole is lined with thick seams of black, sub-bituminous coal. And the towering boom of the Westmoreland dragline seems to dwarf the hills. The dragline can move seventy-five tons of rock in a single scoop, one each minute. In a single working day more than 70,000 tons of "over-burden" can be scooped away.

John Redding points out that strip mining in Sarpy Creek has already taken many acres out of production that could have been supporting wheat and cattle.

John and Bud Redding have become local symbols of endurance or hard-headedness, depending upon the point of view. They have resisted efforts by various coal companies and land speculators—including threats of condemnation—to obtain part of the ranch for stripping. The Reddings own the surface rights to their land. But the rights to the minerals under the land belong either to the federal government, or to the Crow Indians on the neighboring reservation.

"Over-burden" is the miner's term for everything between him and the coal. Before draglines can scoop it away, the over-burden must be blasted loose. Dynamite jars Sarpy Creek day and night and the blasting showers rock into the Reddings' fields.

"And by destroying the coal seams, they're also destroying the natural course of water that travels for miles underground. Every time Westmoreland starts dynamiting, the water in our wells turns muddy. Once the underground waterways are destroyed, there's no way to replace them.

"We've been on this land for a long time. I like the idea of being able to turn it over—intact—to my son when he's old enough. Now I'm not sure the land will be worth anything."

Westmoreland and other coal companies have misrepresented ranchers' demands and even harassed them. These methods now are ancient history in Sarpy Creek. The new concern for the Reddings is whether or not to sell out, after battling for years. They have been promised the highest price ever offered in eastern Montana for surface leases. But such a move would not only be an admission of defeat. It would dishearten others opposed to strip mining, who believe that massive stripping can be prevented in the West.

VICKY AND HARRY

MIDDLE CLASS AMERICANS

by Richard Balzer

It was a hot muggy July night, the kind that makes a cotton dress cling to the body, when Vicky Walent met Harry Wrigley. "They used to have open air dancing," Vicky says, "and all the girls used to like to go together because no one wanted to dance with the same boy all night."

"Harry was at the dance, but I didn't want to go out with him. One of the girls told me 'Every time you see him, he's with a different girl.' So when Harry came over and asked me, 'Would you like a ride home?' I told him 'No thanks, I'm going home with my friend Ginger.' He didn't say anything, he just walked away.

"Well, about a quarter of twelve I started looking for Ginger to go home but I couldn't find her. So my friend over here (Harry) came over and innocently asked, 'Are you looking for somebody?' I told him I was looking for Ginger.

"Just as innocently he told me she couldn't wait for me, and had gone home. He offered me a ride again. I didn't know then that he had schemed with Ginger, and told her she didn't need to stay, because he was going to take me home. Anyway, I was stuck at the dance and scared to death to go home with Harry."

"I took you right home, didn't I?" said Harry.

Richard Balzer is exploring the effects of social and economic change on lower-middle-class America. This is adapted, with permission, from one of his Institute of Current World Affairs newsletters. His explorations have lead to the publication of a book, Clockwork: Inside an American Factory. *New York: Doubleday, 1975.*

"Yes," Vicky laughs, "you did."

"I didn't even make a pass or nothing."

"No, but the next night you came banging on my door asking would I like to go swimming. I told him no but he said some of my friends were in the car and that I could trust him.

"I went swimming and we were married a little more than a year later, and that was nearly 35 years ago.

"That's a long time ago," Vicky says, "but the time has passed pretty quickly. When I think about it, I've been working at Western Electric for nearly eighteen years. When I started I thought I'd only work a couple of years. But every time I thought about quitting we always seemed to need something else, so I kept on working.

"Once, several years ago, I had thought about quitting, but Harry was unhappy at his job as an insurance salesman. I told him if he didn't like the work he should quit while I was working and do something he liked. He did quit and he started selling automobiles, and he's been selling cars ever since.

"Thinking back like this makes me think about when the children were small, and how we used to play leap frog with them on the carpet." The children and their lives still take up a large portion of their parents' time. Rusty, their son and the older of the two children, is a teacher at a local secondary school. He wanted to be a teacher for many years, and now he wants to be an administrator. He has his master's degree. Vicky says, "We really don't help him out financially anymore. Sure, I might give him a little something to help him out with his books, and I can't help but spoil my grandchild a little, but Rusty takes care of things."

Harry says, "He's the kind of kid that a mother likes. He's dependable and solid. Rusty's the typical guy that mothers like. They go to school, get a job, get married and have children. Now Rusty could have gone completely the other way and become a gypsy, but he didn't."

"That's right," says Vicky, "he married his high school sweetheart. But he always had sense. They waited until they each graduated from college before they got married."

"See," says Harry, "That's just what I mean. He and Terry loved each other, but they waited to get married until after college. You know, just what mothers want. Nice wedding, big reception."

"Someone will ask me," Vicky says, 'What does your son do?' I'll say, 'Oh, he's a teacher and he has his Masters.' Then they'll ask 'What does your daughter do?' I'll start, 'She's...' and then I slur a little. I mean that's how things are. Jeannie's a good kid. I can't say anything against her. Whatever she does, she does on her own and she enjoys what she's doing.

"When she comes home, she loves to be home. She's my daughter and I enjoy her. I'd love for her to be living here, get up, go to work, do her job, come home. But that's another thing. That isn't her way."

"Do you think that Rusty going to school locally and Jeannie going to school in Colorado made a big difference?" I ask.

"No," says Harry, "they've just got different personalities. Rusty is a homebody. He wants to lay down the rules, and make plans. First it's I'm going to finish school, then get married, and then pay for a house and have children. Jeannie could decide tomorrow she wants to go to Alaska and she'd just

pack up and go. Rusty, if he was going to Alaska, it would take a year's planning to do it. Jeannie could hop in the car with a dollar in her pocket and say 'I'm going to Alaska.' And she'd go. I envy Jeannie for that."

"Jeannie's never had a real plan of what she'd like to do," Vicky says. "Jeanie went to a junior college around here for a year, but she didn't like it. At the end of the year she told me she wanted to take a year off. Well, I wanted her to get an education. I never had the chance to get one, and I always regretted it. When I was young I thought about becoming a nurse. But I knew going to college was out of the question so I never told my parents. We didn't have the money, and besides girls didn't go on to college in those days. The closest I ever came to college was taking some clerical courses when I worked in Andover. I never used them, but I was glad I had the courses. I wanted my children to go to college, if they had the chance, and we could help them out. Harry and I have always tried to help them out if we could.

"But Jeannie didn't like school and wanted to work, so she got herself a job in a local factory. I remember I warned her that she might not like it very much. We didn't argue about it. She just told me she could handle it.

"After only one day at the rubber plant she came home exhausted. She came in the front door, all tired out, and started laughing. 'It's just like you said it would be, Mom. I never thought it would be like that.'

"When I woke her up the next morning for work, she told me she didn't feel too good and maybe she'd stay home. I told her, 'Look, dear, you're working now. If you only have a cold you should go to work.' She lay there for awhile and I told her, 'All right, young lady, get out of that bed and get going.'

"I had to tell her the same thing the third morning. On the fourth morning when she told me she didn't feel well, I let her stay home. She quit the job that Friday.

"I'll say this for her, she didn't lay around that summer. The next week she went looking for a job and started for an insurance company in Andover. I think that little taste of what work was like convinced her that going to school was a better idea. She enrolled the next year at The University of Northern Colorado in Greeley and she just graduated last June.

"I took ten days of my three week summer vacation to go out to Colorado to pick Jeannie up. She wanted me to meet her friends and then we were going to drive around. She was going to show me Utah, the Great Teutons [Grand Tetons], parts of the country I've never seen. But Jeannie's car had problems. One of the valves had a pretty low compression reading, so we came home as quickly as possible.

"The trip gave us a chance to talk. Jeannie had all sorts of ideas about going to South America or India. I told her after the last tuition check she would have to start assuming responsibility for things. We could help her out, but she would have to find a job, and begin supporting herself.

"I promised her a trip as a graduation present. Well, she asked me for the money, saying she might use it to go down to Latin America. I wanted to give her a nice comfortable trip as a present and I thought if what she wanted to do was to go to Latin America she should do it by putting her feet down on solid ground first.

"She said if I'm going to give the money why should I care how she spends it? I guess she's right, but I do worry about her. I think we're very close, but in some ways we're very different. Last time Jeannie was home I drove her to the Motor Vehicle Bureau to have her picture taken for a new license. Her hair wasn't fixed up, and I said, 'You know, you look like a washerwoman. Aren't you going to make your hair up?' Jeannie just looked at me and said, 'No, what's the difference?' I told her the picture had to last four years. 'So what?' was her answer, 'it doesn't matter, it's not important to me. It's just a picture of me.' I told her if it was me I would have been sure to fix my hair up.

"I know with a lot of these things that sometimes I hold on too much. It's hard to let go. I know she's 24 and can make her own decisions. But still, it's hard to let go. I've been that way for a long time, so the kids knew that when I said no they should ask Harry.

"I remember when Jeannie was 18 and she wanted to go to Canada with a couple of friends. I wasn't too anxious for her to go, but Harry told me, 'Look, she's a good driver, let her go!' Finally I said OK.

"She called up from Montreal the next day and said she'd been in an accident. I was so excited when she said that that she asked to speak to her father. She told him about the accident and that she had already called the insurance agent, and had had the car repaired. You know what Harry told her, 'Now I want you to find the nicest restaurant you can, have the best meal, and then find a nice motel and stay there.' Well, she felt just like aces. Harry didn't criticize her. He was proud that she had taken care of things.

"A few years later she wanted to go with her girl friends to Alaska. I was hesitant again but Harry said, 'Look, she's 21 now, it's time we give her our blessings and tell her to do the things that she wants to do. We can't stop her anymore!'

"So Harry is more lenient with the kids. I think some of it is because of what it was like when I was a kid. I grew up in a small town in Maine—Mexico, Maine. My mother was always saying no; she'd say no before you'd ask. It seemed as though I could never make plans and say 'Oh yes, my mother will let me go.' I could never have that freedom—never.

"When I was in high school I was involved in lots of things. I was the head cheerleader, and I was on the debating team. If you were on the debating team it meant you had to do research at the library. I'd say to my mother, 'I'd like to go to the library tonight.' She'd say, 'No, you're not going to the library tonight.' Or I'd want to go to a game or practice for a game, and she'd say no and she'd never explain the reason.

"After my Mom would say no, I'd ask my father, because I knew he'd usually say yes. Usually he'd say something like 'OK, but come right back when it's over so your Mom won't be too mad at either of us.'

"My Dad died thirty years ago and that left my mother, and bless her soul, I love her, but she's not always that easy to live with. She doesn't like to let go. I'm almost embarrassed to say I still wonder before I do something whether or not my mother would let me do it. Imagine that, me, at my age, and I still want my mother to say OK. It's only been the past couple of years that I've really started to do the things I want. I think it started with our trip to Hawaii. My sister and I planned a trip and I told my mother, 'We're going to Hawaii.'

"She said, 'I don't know why... there's plenty to see around here.'

"It bothered me a lot, but we finally went.

"So even though I say I won't hold on like my mother, I knew I held on, a little more than I'd like.

"Jeannie's a big girl now, and I still worry about her. I'd like her to be a little more financially secure. She's happy, I know she's happy, but I still worry about her. She's living up in New Hampshire now. And a boy she was going with in Colorado has moved to New Hampshire.

"I don't ask about certain parts of her life. I try not to put my nose into certain parts of her life."

"It's the old ostrich syndrome," Harry says. "Put your head in the sand and you don't know what's going on. Times have changed, and things are different. When we went to visit your parents before we were married, we did our thing, necking, in the automobile."

"We never kissed in their house," Vicky says. "We would never even sit next to each other. I wouldn't dare to kiss you in front of my parents. Kids today are more free. We aren't puritans, but everything has its proper place.

"I knew my thinking is affected by the way I was brought up," Vicky says. "Just like in certain ways I still have a problem spending money. I was a kid right after the Depression. My mother needed every bit of money my father made just to clothe us four kids, to feed us and keep us warm. There were two things I wanted as a child and never could have. I never had a bicycle to ride; I never had a doll carriage. The only way I had a doll was when you bought bread. There were coupons; save so many coupons and get a doll. That was the only doll I remember having. We kids would have to entertain each other. Our big fun was that somehow my father would take us for a ride. My father bought a car just before the Depression. Somehow he kept up the payments and he would have a little money, maybe $1.00, to put some gas in the car and go for a drive. He'd always have a couple of nickels in his pocket so the kids could have candy.

"My other great joy was picking fruit. There were some farms nearby and for 50 cents you could pick a huge barrel of apples or plums. My mother would can the fruit and put it away for the winter.

You know, there's still a farm nearby where you can pick blueberries. My husband doesn't like to do it, but I do. Instead of canning, I just put them in the freezer and use the blueberries for pies.

"I still have trouble spending money and my mother never wants us to spend money. Just last summer I thought of renting a place near the beach for my vacation where I could take my mother. I told her about it and she asked me, 'Still got the mortgage, don't you?' I told her yes and she said, 'Well, put the money away toward the mortgage.' Now my mother knows I've never missed a payment on the mortgage and I never will. Yet she doesn't want me to spend money.

"For my mother some of the nicest Christmases were when she had enough money to pay off some bill she owed at local stores. So she doesn't like me to have any outstanding bills. But things have changed. Harry and I have been able to work and make a good life.

"For years things were tight. We moved into our first house thirty-one years ago. Just when we had nearly paid off the mortgage, Harry decided to buy the land where our house is now sitting. He came in one day and said, 'Phil's decided to sell us that piece of land.' I was worried about it, but Harry thought we had almost paid off the last house and it was time to move. Harry helped build the house we wanted. He helped design it, and build it. Within a year we moved in.

"Just when we were getting out from under we had another big mortgage. Then we've had the children's educations. That was something we wanted to do, but it was a major expense. It's only recently, within the last five years, that we could afford certain things we wanted.

"You know, I only got an automatic washer about five years ago and I still have the old washer in the basement. I know I should give it away, but who wants it? Nobody wants to use a hand washer anymore. Even people on welfare want an automatic washer. It's just like a black and white TV. People on welfare don't want a black and white TV. They want a color TV. We got a color TV three years ago.I told Harry, 'Look, let's treat ourselves well. Let's get a color TV.' He said naw, anything he wanted to watch he could watch on black and white as well as color and I coaxed him into it. Wouldn't you know it, we get it and Harry wants to watch all his shows in color and I end up watching the black and white when I'm downstairs ironing.

"The trouble is we still have a hard time spending money. I guess it still makes me a little uncomfortable."

Harry agreed, "We were brought up to watch a dollar. We have a few dollars now but still we can't throw it away without feeling guilty. If we were to spend $100 today it wouldn't hurt us, we wouldn't miss it, but we'd think twice. We could spend a lot more money and not go without, but you just don't do it because you have it. I think that's the times we were brought up in."

8.

Vicky says, "I'm satisfied that I have helped our two children. They wanted to go to school and we were able to help them. This gives me some inner peace. Now Harry and I should spend some on ourselves, but it's difficult."

"Harry's been here all his life, but I was brought up in Maine. I didn't come down here till I graduated from high school.

"There wasn't much work in Maine so I came down to Andover, Massachusetts, where my sister was working. I worked in the comptroller's household at Andover Academy. I did cooking and taking care of laundry. It makes me laugh when I think how hard I worked the two years I was there. I worked incredibly hard, and I can't say I liked it. But it was a paying job.

"I enjoyed my next job more. I worked for a very wealthy woman who had a home in New York and a five story summer home in this area. I worked hard, but the woman, who was very wealthy, treated me very well, almost like a daughter. I used to be friendly with her daughter.

"I remember once after I stopped working the girl invited me to visit her in New York. I didn't go, because I thought I'd have to have all kinds of fancy clothes, or I'd be embarrassed. I didn't keep up with her. I think now I would have acted differently and kept up with her. Now I can see how silly I was. I know if my Jeannie was in a similar situation, she would act differently. That's a generation difference. When I was young, if you were out of your group you couldn't be satisfied as to who you were. Even though this girl was willing to accept me, I would have wanted to have more. I don't think Jeannie thinks that way. She wants people to accept for her for who she is, and not what she has."

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ACTIVITY: SITES FOR PRODUCTION

You are the representative for a company that produces one of the products listed below. The company is expanding. You must choose a new site for a factory employing 500 people. Your decision is expected to be in the company's best interest. But you are also a member of the community, and you would like to serve its interests. On a separate sheet of paper, answer the following questions for as many products as you wish.

1. Where in the community would you locate the factory? Why?
2. What alternative sites would you consider? Why?
3. How does your decision change with each choice of product?
4. What values does your decision (for each product) reveal?

Possible products:

gasoline	furniture
toys	automobiles
shoes	surgical tools
radios	cookies
ball point pens	frozen meat
phonograph recordings	metal pipe
beer	cameras
medicine	clothing
canned vegetables	compressed oxygen

PROVERBS

These proverbs were collected among Creoles in Sierra Leone. They are descendants of African colonists on African soil. Many of the people whom today we know as Creoles were Africans liberated from slave ships bound for the Americas. Throughout most of the nineteenth century, a British naval force patrolled the coasts of West Africa. They intercepted ships engaged in the illegal slave trade and released their "human cargoes" in Freetown, Sierra Leone, a British colony. There these Africans were consciously guided toward the creation of a Western-style society. Christianity and education went hand in hand. The British provided, the Africans--already displaced physically from their own cultures--were receptive. The children of these liberated Africans--those who were born "in the colony," were called Creoles.

The original Colony of Sierra Leone was small. In 1896 the rest of the territory of today's Sierra Leone also came under British rule. The country became independent in 1960. Although the Creoles live throughout the country, most of them remain in the old "Colony" area around Freetown. At home and at play, most Creoles speak Krio. Krio developed almost two centuries ago out of a mixture of African and European languages. Pure "Krio" is distinct from pidgin English which is spoken widely along the West African coast and in the Caribbean. Creoles speak English with a British accent at work or on formal occasions. Education in Sierra Leone for all peoples is in English.

Each of the twenty-two proverbs is followed by a standard English translation. Below the proverbs is a list of interpretations. Before looking at the interpretation, see if you can guess it.

Are there similar proverbs in your culture?

What do you think may be some relationships between proverbs and culture?

What is folk wisdom? Is it similar among all peoples?

How is communication expressive of culture?

PROVERBS: KRIO AND STANDARD ENGLISH

1. "Trohki bin foh de bab, boht i noh ebul tinap" (Turtle would have been a barber, but he is not able to stand up.)	12. "Fohl foh sell; Kehnehri foh eng na winda" (A fowl is to sell; a canary to hang in the window.)
2. "If yu no wan mek mohngki tel tohch yu, no go mohngki dans" (If you don't want the monkey's tail to touch you, don't go to a monkey dance.)	13. "Wan 'an bangles no dey shake" (One hand bracelet makes no noise.)
3. "Tik tey na wattah sotey, i noh go tohn aligetah" (A stick may stay in the water forever, but it will not turn into an alligator.)	14. "If fohl no yery sssh!, i go yery stone" (If the fowl doesn't hear sssh!, he will hear the stone [which hits him].)
4. "Mohngki nobah lef in black 'an" (Monkey never loses his black hand.)	15. "Watah troway; calbash no broke" (The water may be lost but the container [calabash] is not damaged.)
5. "Goat dey swet, nar heyar cobber am" (Goats sweat but their hair conceals [covers] the fact.)	16. "When blen yai man say i de stone yu, mus no sey in foot don mas stone" (When a blind man says he will stone you, his foot is already resting on a rock.)
6. "Ou di batta de bit--na so di dans de go" (How the drum is beaten, so the dance must go.)	17. "Mammy wey siddon don see pas pickin wey tinap" (Mother who sits down still sees past [over] child who stands up.)
7. "Die-die bod not no ow mus shroud cost" (A dead body doesn't know how much the shroud cost.)	18. "Wan broom tick by insef kin broke, but all tie togedder, you nor go able broke am" (One broom straw alone is weak, but together, you cannot break them.)
8. "Man wey bohn in biabia--na im fohs go smehl am" (The man who burns his bears will be the first to smell it.)	19. "Wen beanch raw, nor full blie" (Whe (When beans are raw [dry, uncooked], they don't fill the basket.)
9. "Trohbul siddom saffle; yangga go wek am" (Trouble sits down softly; vanity wakes it.)	20. "Famble tik kin ben, i neber broke" (The family tree can bend but will never break.)
10. "Gladi moht nobah blo faya" (A laughing mouth cannot blow out the fire.)	21. "Who dat troway asis, nar im asis go fallah" (He who throws away ashes, it is he that ashes will follow.)
11. "Kohni man die; Kohni man behr am" (A cunning man dies; another cunning man buries him.)	22. "Ooman ampa nobah lef behind" (A woman's hamper is never left behind.)

INTERPRETATIONS

1. There are people who would like to improve their status but simply do not have the ability.

2. You will be judged by the company you keep. If you don't want to acquire a bad reputation, don't associate with inferiors.

3. A person retains his essential personality no matter what the environment.

4. A leopard doesn't change his spots.

5. Many people, outwardly composed and affluent, are feeling a pain unknown to others.

6. One's behavior should be appropriate to one's environment.

7. As a dead man does not know the cost of his shroud, so it is often that a beneficiary does not know what a gift or good deed costs his benefactor. The gift may appear small, but the person who gave it might have made a big sacrifice to obtain it.

8. The one who makes a mistake will be the first to suffer the consequences.

9. Trouble always appears when personal vanity dominates behavior.

10. Business and pleasure do not mix.

11. However tricky and clever a man is, there's always someone who can beat him.

12. That which is really valuable should be kept to oneself. The most valuable possessions are not necessarily the prettiest.

13. It takes two to make an argument.

14. If you can't take a gentle hint, you will eventually be hit full force.

15. When a woman has a miscarriage, the baby is lost but she is able to have others. You may have lost something at the present, but you are capable of producing in the future.

16. It's a sure thing, there is no doubt about it.

17. Adult wisdom always surpasses that of youth.

18. There is security in the family and the community. People together can support each other but an individual alone is weak.

19. Youth is like dry beans, immature, not developed to full potential as a man or woman in the prime of life.

20. The family is a stable institution which can survive great tension.

21. If you do bad deeds, an evil reputation will result.

22. A woman never ceases to be a woman, even if she does a man's job.

THE WELL OF WHEAT

by Ali Salem

(translated by John Waterbury)

In *The Well of Wheat*, Ali Salem jousts with the bureaucratic phenomenon which is a universal affliction. It nonetheless owes its incubation and many of its refinements to the long administrative experience of Egypt.

The Well of Wheat, like *The Buffet*, is a one-act play. It is set somewhere in the Egyptian desert. There three men are working with something that looks like an oil rig. The head of the operation is Uncle Hussein. He is assisted by Basyuni, a lazy and priggish technician, and Mutwali, the stolid rig operator. They have been at their task for seven years. Finally, Basyuni demands to know precisely what that task is. Uncle Hussein says "We're looking for wheat, a well of wheat." Basyuni looks at Hussein incredulously: "Wheat! Are you kidding! Not only are you insane but I'm a first class jerk for spending seven years out here. Wheat in the desert.... You grow wheat! Mutwali! You're a farmer; don't you grow wheat?"

Uncle Hussein finally explains that he had for most of his life been a waiter in a cafe next to the Ministry of Antiquities. The employees there used to spend hours in the café talking about Pharaonic sites, hieroglyphics, and the like. Over the years Uncle Hussein picked up a great deal and even learned how to read hieroglyphics. One day, a ministry employee forgot an old papyrus at the cafe. Uncle Hussein read it. It told of great caches of wheat, veritable "wheateries," constructed by the ancient Egyptians and buried in the desert. Uncle Hussein studied all the documents he could find on the subject. He concluded that there must be vast stores of wheat in the desert. He left his job in the café and went out into the desert to find the wheateries so that he could bring their precious contents to the people of the Nile Valley.

Basyuni remains skeptical. But suddenly the rig begins to belch wheat. Basyuni is transformed, shouting "I found the wheatery!" He and Uncle Hussein, for different reasons, decide that Cairo must be informed immediately. Basyuni is already imagining himself before the TV cameras while Uncle Hussein is eager to get trucks out into the desert to take the wheat to the people. Leaving Mutwali in charge of the rig, the two men set out across the desert to the nearest town. Before long Basyuni's feet begin to hurt, and a little after that, Uncle Hussein is carrying Basyuni on his back.

Once the news reaches Cairo, the administrative wheels begin to grind. The whole project is quickly and hopelessly bureaucratized. The Ministry of Antiquities dispatches an entire battalion of similarly clad bureaucrats. They transform the desert scene into a series of offices with in-and-out boxes and telephones. The whole operation is under the supervision of Dr. One. Dr. One is an eminent scholar noted for the several articles he had written proving conclusively that there could be no wheat whatsoever on the desert. Once on the scene, Dr. One thanks Hussein coldly for his discovery. Then he puts Hussein in charge of the office canteen.

Almost immediately the purpose of the project is lost in the mire of meaningless bureaucratic routine. The petty functionaries spend all their working hours besieging Dr. One's office. They request transfers to Cairo, sick leave, promotion, and so forth. Dr. One gives up in despair. Before returning to Cairo he turns over the project to Dr. Cop. He is supposed to whip the personnel into shape. One of Dr. Cop's first acts is to close the canteen. He calls it an unnecessary distraction, and fires Uncle Hussein and Mutwali.

Then one day Dr. Cop receives a letter from the Ministry. He addresses a group of bureaucrats standing around his desk:

Dr. Cop: O.K., listen you people . . . we've got

a letter here from Cairo asking what our level of production is.

Bureaucrats: Production of what?

Dr. Cop: Production of what?! Don't you know what we're producing?

Bureaucrats: No . . . don't you know, sir?

Dr. Cop: How the hell would I know? Didn't Dr. One leave a note behind saying what this is all about?

Bureaucrats: No . . . does that mean you don't know?

Dr. Cop: (*angrily*) I'm the one who does the asking . . . O.K., so you don't know what you came here to do.

Bureaucrats: We know exactly what we're supposed to do.

Dr.Cop: Great! now maybe we'll be able to figure this out . . . there's no cause for despair; step by step . . . as long as you know what you're doing we'll find out what this project is . . . and then we'll be able to figure out our production level . . . . Listen, kid, what do you do?

Bureaucrat: Salaries and remunerations.

Dr. Cop: And you?

Bureaucrat: Promotions.

Dr. Cop: And you?

Bureaucrat: Files and publications.

Dr. Cop: And you?

Bureaucrat: Investigations.

Dr. Cop: And you?

Bureaucrat: Accounts and projections.

Dr. Cop: And you?

Bureaucrat: Transportation.

(*as Dr. Cop asks the rest of the bureaucrats their tasks, they simply reply, 'tions,' 'tions,' 'tions'*)

Dr. Cop: (*enraged*) What the hell is this, some kind of plot? You want to drive me nuts or what?! All you do is "tions," "tions," "tions." No one knows what this project is all about! Anyhow, I refuse to give up hope . . . I'll figure this out (*he thinks*). At present, we're in the desert . . . so this project could be one of two things—land reclamation or oil exploration. God! but we're all from the Ministry of Antiquities, and this region doesn't have a single archaeological site—besides antiquities don't come in bushels, and this letter asks (*glancing at the letter*) how many bushels we are producing. I'm going out of my mind (*he turns to the others shouting*). O.K.! Listen! Who was the first one of you to come here? Try to remember.

Bureaucrats: We all came together.

Dr. Cop: Oh no! It can't be . . . try to remember . . . for my sake . . . help me out of this jam.

Bureaucrat: Hey, I remember (*he thinks strenuously*) when I came to this office . . .

Dr. Cop: Yes . . . ?

Bureaucrat: When I came to this office . . . there was a fellow named Mutwali here; he brought me coffee—so he must have

been one of the owners of the canteen. They opened the canteen even before we came . . . so maybe this project was originally a canteen.

All the others: That's it . . . it was supposed to be a canteen.

Dr. Cop: (*shouting*) Go after them! What are you waiting for? Take a car and bring them back.

(*Some of the bureaucrats leave and come back immediately with Mutwali and Uncle Hussein, holding them by their necks as if they were prisoners.*)

Dr. Cop: Let them go . . . please sit down—wait Uncle Hussein, first Mutwali (*Mutwali sits down*). Mutwali, you were here before all the bureaucrats came, right?

Mutwali: That's right.

Dr. Cop: Who was with you?

Mutwali: Uncle Hussein.

Dr. Cop: What were you doing?

Mutwali: We were digging in the desert.

Dr. Cop: What were you looking for?

Mutwali: Uncle Hussein says there's wheat . . .

Dr. Cop: (*Interrupting as if he suddenly remembered*) Ah! wheateries! (*to the bureaucrats*) You made me forget—you were goofing off so much wasting all your time over salaries and promotions . . . how could I forget something like that? The newspapers talked about it for nearly a month . . . thanks a lot, Mutwali . . . Come, Uncle Hussein . . . please sit down. By George, come here and sit in my seat. (*Uncle Hussein sits in Dr. Cop's seat who in turn sits on the edge of the desk.*)

Dr. Cop: Would you like a cup of coffee? or something cold?

Hussein: From where? The canteen's closed.

Dr. Cop: Don't worry, I took that into account (*he takes three little packets out of a drawer*) Coffee, tea, or something cool?

Hussein: Nothing, thanks.

Dr. Cop: Uncle Hussein . . . where's the wheat?

Hussein: What wheat?

Dr. Cop: The wheat that was buried.

Hussein: (*In astonishment*) Wheat that was buried?! Whoever said a thing like that?

Dr. Cop: You, of course.

Hussein: How could I ever say a thing like that . . . what would I know about it? I'm just the fella who ran the canteen.

Dr. Cop: And the wheateries?

Hussein: What wheateries? Talk sensibly, Doctor. Is wheat found underground now?

Dr. Cop: So where is it found?

Hussein: Its grown, obviously . . . what I know about wheat is that its grown . . . and that of course is something that you, sir, learned in primary school. Everybody knows that wheat is grown. So if all you people came out here to find wheat, then grow it. Come on, Mutwali, let's get out of here.

So Hussein and Mutwali leave. Hussein, like Oedipus, goes somewhere to meditate. Mutwali goes to do what he does best, play soccer for a professional club. As with Oedipus, the good intentions of the hero have been crushed in the blind advance of the governmental behemoth. But while all hope is nearly lost, Salem leaves a slight glimmer of better things to come. The wheat is still buried in the desert. Like the self-awareness and self-understanding of the people of Thebes, it represents a vast potential for the future.

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What is Salem's opinion of bureaucracy?

How does the playwright show underlying faith in Egyptian common sense?

How is communication expressive of culture?

PASSING THE WORD IN RABAT

How do people in a busy city communicate? So many people certainly must need to listen and talk to one another. How do they learn what is going on and pass the word? In Rabat, a large city of North African Morocco, people communicate in a variety of ways. To an observer in the city, the most obvious way is through sounds.

Sounds are as much a part of street life in Rabat as the smells and sights and people. In ancient narrow alleys or on the main street, songs and news broadcasts rise over human voices. While bartering in the market or just walking along, one can follow a radio broadcast. Radios blaring from every shop add to the city's cacophony of noises.

Two languages predominate, Arabic and French. Both are international languages. They help to keep Moroccans aware of events outside their own country. Almost everyone speaks Arabic and many who are without formal education speak some French. Of the educated elite, many are bilingual in both speaking and writing. A much smaller number of people speak Berber.

Shortwave radio receivers occupy choice locations in the bedrooms of private homes. The wealthy have television sets in addition. In these habits, Moroccans may not differ from other urban North Africans. To keep informed, they use technology. In fact, listening to the radio and watching television have become Morocco's most popular national pastimes.

At home and in the street market *medinas*, sounds surround the people. Even without radio and television, the *medinas* are jumbles of noises. They come to life early in the day. After the first call to Muslim prayer, the air is filled with sounds of news reports and music.

Fishmongers hawk their catch, chanting "hut! hut!" as they walk along. On the radio the well-known Um Kalthum sings of war in the Middle East. Her recordings are played over and over. 'Abd al-Wahhab sings love laments. Then the music stops and news is broadcast.

Everyone seems to tune in to the same station at the same time. The news may tell what has happened in France, the United States, or Russia. News time is an opportunity for neighbors to visit. They hear about the latest world crisis together. And afterwards, they socialize, while Arabic music plays in the background.

In this way, people in Rabat talk and exchange viewpoints. It has become a familiar pattern in their lives. First phonograph recordings, then radio, now television amid all the other sounds seem to have captured the attention of Moroccans in cities and villages. Do you spend as much time listening to radio, watching television, and exchanging views in your neighborhood?

An observer might wonder if any Moroccans are really listening to the radio. Have the modern media influenced them? Or is it just a new presence, a background for the person-to-person exchange of ideas?

The radio ended Morocco's isolation from the outside world. It allowed the poor and powerless to become involved in Islamic reform and modernization in the Middle East. Low-cost Japanese transistor radios were introduced during the 1950s. They helped to make the people more aware of national and world affairs. Short-wave radio especially provided a new external link. Moroccans could listen to actual voices from other nations.

Moroccans in city and village became avid listeners to news broadcasts. Between 1955 and 1960 the official count of radio receivers increased from 280,00 to around 600,000. The number is still growing. In Moroccan villages, tea time is also radio-listening time. Usually local sheikhs, wealthy peasants, and shopkeepers invite friends or clients to hear broadcasts with them. This increases their prestige. Music is the main attraction. And the news in Arabic and Berber links cities and villages, government and the governed.

Radios help keep villagers and urban dwellers alike informed about government policies. But those in power can also dominate the airwaves and prevent opposing viewpoints from being broadcast. In this way, radio is a very influential means of communication. Television is even more useful in influencing masses of people. Almost all Morocco's TV sets are in urban areas. Only the wealthy have television at home. But anyone can watch TV newscasts in local cafés.

In 1962 the people were to vote on a constitutional question. The government wished to spread information on the question and influence people to vote in favor of the constitution. It gave out 1,000 TV sets free to centrally located cafés in Rabat. Moroccans flocked to the cafés or else attended "radio tea parties." There they saw or heard programs of music and messages of praise for the Constitution. The government's plan succeeded. The constitutional vote passed. Since then, they have allowed café owners to keep the sets. They need only pay a small rental charge.

Television viewing has increased rapidly since 1962 when TV transmission was introduced in Morocco. The quality of programs and transmission has steadily improved. TV sales have soared. By 1971, the national TV count was 223,000. The growth of TV sales not only increased entertainment and education. It created jobs as well. Local plants were built to assemble imported parts for TV sets.

Will more TV sets mean more and better communication among Moroccans? What other means of communication do the people of Rabat use?

Newspapers are a traditional, tried and tested media. Those who disagree with the government communicate their ideas mainly through newspapers. But widespread illiteracy reduces the effectiveness of newspapers. As one Moroccan leader observed, "Newspapers do not count in the last analysis since so few read, but everyone listens to the radio."

Of the seven leading newspapers published in 1968 in Morocco, four were in French, including the two with the largest circulation. But the number of people who are literate in Arabic is increasing. A proportionate increase in the number of Arabic language publications can be expectd.

Newspapers are also less effective as links between rural and urban people. According to a 1960 census, only 22 out of every 100 city dwellers in Morocco could read and write. In the same year, only 7 out of every 100 rural Moroccans could read. The newspapers appeal to the elite, the few who are wealthy and educated. As more Moroccans are enrolled in school, might newspapers become a more useful means of communication? Would increasing literacy in Morocco necessarily mean wider readership of newspapers?

Newspapers have other problems besides lack of readership. They may be the best way for opponents of the government to address Moroccans. But the Moroccan press has a reputation for poor quality of reporting. Each newspaper seems to defend only one particular viewpoint about government policies. News coverage tends to be one-sided.

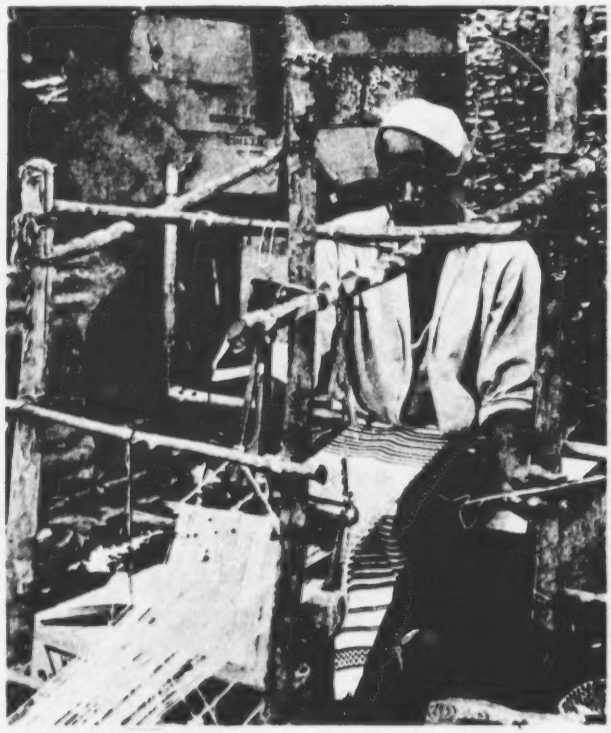
Radio and television reach many people in Rabat. Newspapers provide a variety of viewpoints. Yet Moroccans seem most of all to enjoy the entertainment these media provide. They are often distrustful of newspapers, radio, and television. When they want information about local or world affairs, they rely on friends and relatives. Small groups gather in homes or converse in cafés. Group discussion is the most trusted means of communication. The privately spoken word still has more influence in Rabat than the printed or broadcast one.

QUESTIONS TO CONSIDER

1. What is the importance of speaking and/or reading an international language?
2. Why do so many Moroccans speak French?
3. What other countries in North Africa or on the Mediterranean use Arabic or French as a major means of communication?
4. How do media promote national unity and decrease urban-rural differences?
5. Why might this be considered an important objective in developing countries? Is it equally important in so-called modern countries?
6. If people do not believe what they read in papers or hear on radio or TV, how might it affect their attitudes?

How is the word passed in your culture?

1. Are the people in these photographs working or playing?
2. How does your culture define work?
3. How does your culture define play?
4. If you were the person in each photograph, would you be working or playing?



EGG-CARTON "BAO"

- A Game for Two Players -

Bao is one of the most popular games in East Africa. The game is also played in related forms in West Africa and through the Middle East.

Similar in complexity to chess and checkers, Bao engages participants of many age levels. In Tanzania, people consider the game an important and distinctive part of their cultural heritage.

To make a "Bao Board" obtain four egg cartons. Trim them so that each has eight wells. Then assemble these sections into a Bao Board with thirty-two wells as shown.

READ THE INSTRUCTIONS ALL THE WAY THROUGH BEFORE YOU BEGIN THE GAME

Each player receives thirty-two *kete*, two for each of the sixteen wells that player controls. The kete may be any small object—dried peas or beans, buttons, beads, or pebbles. The kete should be large enough to pick up easily but small enough to fit several into one well of the Bao Board. Players may choose kete of the same or different colors or shapes.

- Playing Bao -

1. Two players sit on opposite sides of a Bao Board.
2. Each player puts two kete in each of the nearest sixteen wells.
3. Each player then groups the kete strategically. This consists of placing them in clusters. Some wells may be empty. Others may contain from one to six kete. One attempts to create the ideal arrangement of kete. One hopes to be able to move around the board and "capture" the opponent's kete. At the same time, one's own kete are placed so they cannot be captured. With experience, offensive and defensive strategies can be thought through and practiced.
4. Routine play begins. Each turn consists of one or more passes around a player's own side of the board, moving counterclockwise.

The player lifts all the kete from a selected well (*Remember which well!*). The kete are placed one at a time in each adjacent well. Try to select the well which will allow you to continue playing longest.

If the final kete lands in an empty well, the player's turn is ended. Then the other player begins.

If the final kete lands in an occupied well, the entire contents are withdrawn. The player continues to move around his or her side of the board, using those kete.

Capture

Each of the wells on one player's side of the board has a corresponding well on the opponent's side.

If a player's final kete lands in a well and the opponent's corresponding well is occupied, the player then "captures" those kete. Removing them from the opponent's well, the player returns *to the point from which the turn began*. The player continues playing the captured kete, one by one. When the player can no longer "capture" or the final kete lands in an empty well, it is the other player's turn.

Winning

In this version of Bao, there are two ways to win.

1. One can capture all of an opponent's kete.
2. One can maneuver an opponent into a position where that player can no longer move any kete around the board. Then the opponent must forfeit the game.

* * * * *

African Bao, like Asian Go or Wei Chei, and European chess and checkers, is a game of strategy. It requires mental agility.

How do you think Bao might influence the people who grow up playing it?

Bao is played by all age groups with differing levels of sophistication.

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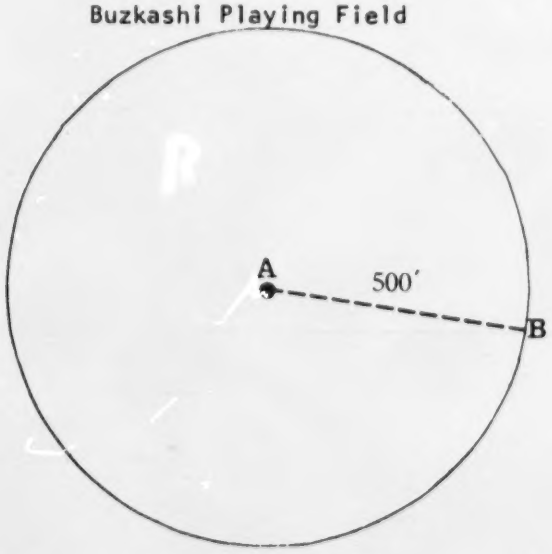
BUZKASHI

THE GOAT-GRABBING GAME

In Aq Kupruk and throughout Afghanistan, buzkashi is a popular sport considered by many to be the ancestor of modern polo. It is a rough game that excites Afghans much the way football or baseball affects North Americans or soccer stimulates Latin Americans or Europeans. In buzkashi, teams of men on horseback compete to carry the headless carcass of a goat or a calf from the center of a circle. On signal, each team member rushes in to try to pick up the carcass by leaning to the ground from his position astride the horse. Every man jostles,pushes, and whips his horse, other players, and other horses as he attempts to seize the carcass, gallop about 500 feet down the field, turn around, and bring it back to the starting point. Opposing team players try to snatch the carcass from whoever has it, while the carcass-carrier is defended by his own team members. A team can pass the carcass from player to player in order to get it to the goal.

Buzkashi Playing Field



To score, a team must grab and transport the "goat" from the center of the circle (point A) to the outer limits of a 500' radius circle--and back again (to point A). Blocking an opponent's way and grabbing the "goat" for another team are a part of the game.

You may be able to play a simplified form of buzkashi on an athletic field or in the gym with mats on the floor. In Afghanistan, only men play buzkashi. In the simplified form, students can ride on the shoulders of others (who represent horses) or simply compete on foot. The goat can be represented by a burlap or cloth bag stuffed with newspaper or straw. A circle with a diameter of twenty to thirty meters should be sufficient. Two teams may play, although there may be more than one game so that more teams can participate, or there may be more than two teams in one game. Teams can be of

any size, but all competing teams must have the same number of players.

How does buzkashi compare with American football? With other competitive games?

How might buzkashi help resolve conflicts?

How do you think buzkashi might influence the people who grow up playing it or watching it being played? How is it part of the process of enculturation?

ACTIVITY: ELEPHANT CHESS: A CHINESE GAME

This reading describes the Chinese game of hsiang-ch'i, or "elephant chess." The game is played on a board somewhat similar to a Western chess board. It is played with 32 pieces, 16 Blue and 16 Red. The moves and the rules are more similar to those of Western chess than those of the other form of Chinese chess, wei-ch'i (called go in Japanese).

Each side has 16 pieces, as follows:

General (1)

Bodyguard (2)

Palace Guard (2)

Horseman (2)

Tank (2)

Cannon (2)

Soldier (5)

The board on which the game is played is shown in Figure 1. It is different from a Western chess board in the following ways.

1. The pieces are placed on the intersections of the lines, not in the squares within the lines.

2. There is a zone across the middle of the board, called the River. Pieces do not move any differently in crossing the River than they do in moving the same distance on other parts of the board. However, (1) some pieces are not allowed to cross the River and (2) some pieces that can cross the River can move differently after they have crossed it.

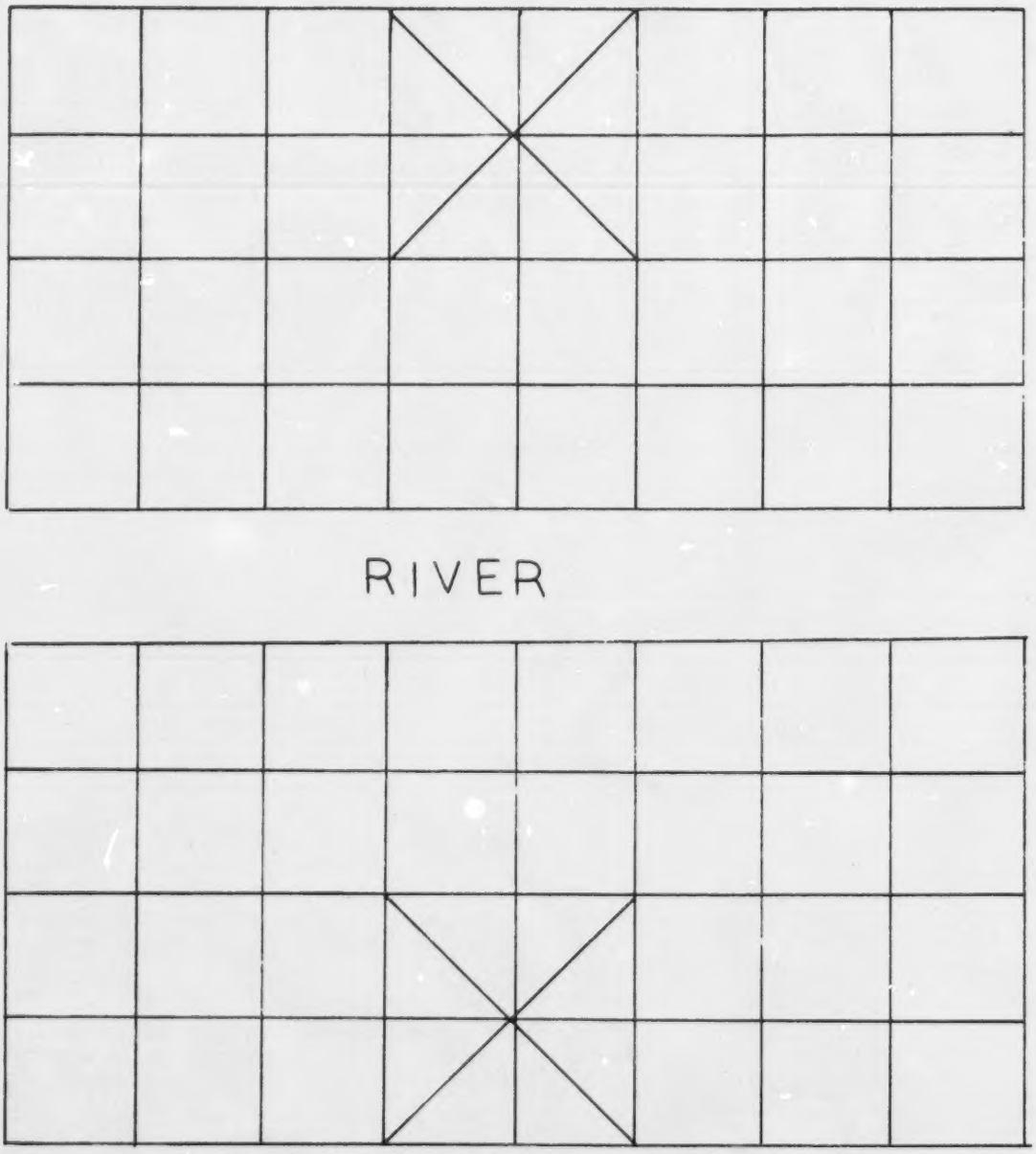


Figure 1: The Board

3. There is a zone on each player's end of the board, called the Command Post, which is marked by an X. The General and the Bodyguards are confined to this zone.

At the beginning of the game, the pieces are set up as shown in Figure 2. Blue moves first.

Any piece captures any other piece by moving to the intersection on which that piece stands and displacing it. No piece can capture another en passant as the Western pawn can do on its first move.

The ways in which the pieces are allowed to move and to capture opposing pieces are described below.

The General: The general can move one square at a time on a horizontal or vertical line within the Command Post. Thus, there are only nine positions open to the General (see figure 3, bottom). Like the King in Western chess, the General cannot be moved into a position in which he would be in check. The General is in check when:

1. He is in a position such that, on the next move of the other side, the General could be captured; or

2. He is in a position such that he and the opposing General are on the same line and there is no other piece between them. (It is all right for the two Generals to be on the same line as long as there is at least one other piece between them on that line.)

As in Western chess, a player is not allowed to move any piece in such a way as to put his own General in check. If his General is already in check and he cannot make any move that would remove him from check, his General is checkmated and he has lost the game.

The Bodyguard: The Bodyguard can move one square at a time diagonally within the Command Post. Thus, there are only five positions open to the Bodyguard (see Figure 3, top).

The Palace Guard: The Palace Guard can move diagonally across four squares in any direction, but he cannot cross the River (see Figure 4). The Palace Guard cannot leap over a piece. If there is a piece of either color on the intersection between his starting position and the place he wants to go to, he is blocked and cannot go there.

The Horseman: The Horseman moves diagonally across two squares (see Figure 5) in any direction, like the Knight in Western chess. However, the Horseman, unlike the Western Knight, can be blocked by any piece (of either color) from moving in a certain direction. Figure 6 shows several examples of blocked Horsemen and of Horsemen not blocked even though other pieces are nearby. The Horseman can be blocked only by a piece directly in front of him on the line he is on which points in the general direction he is trying to move.

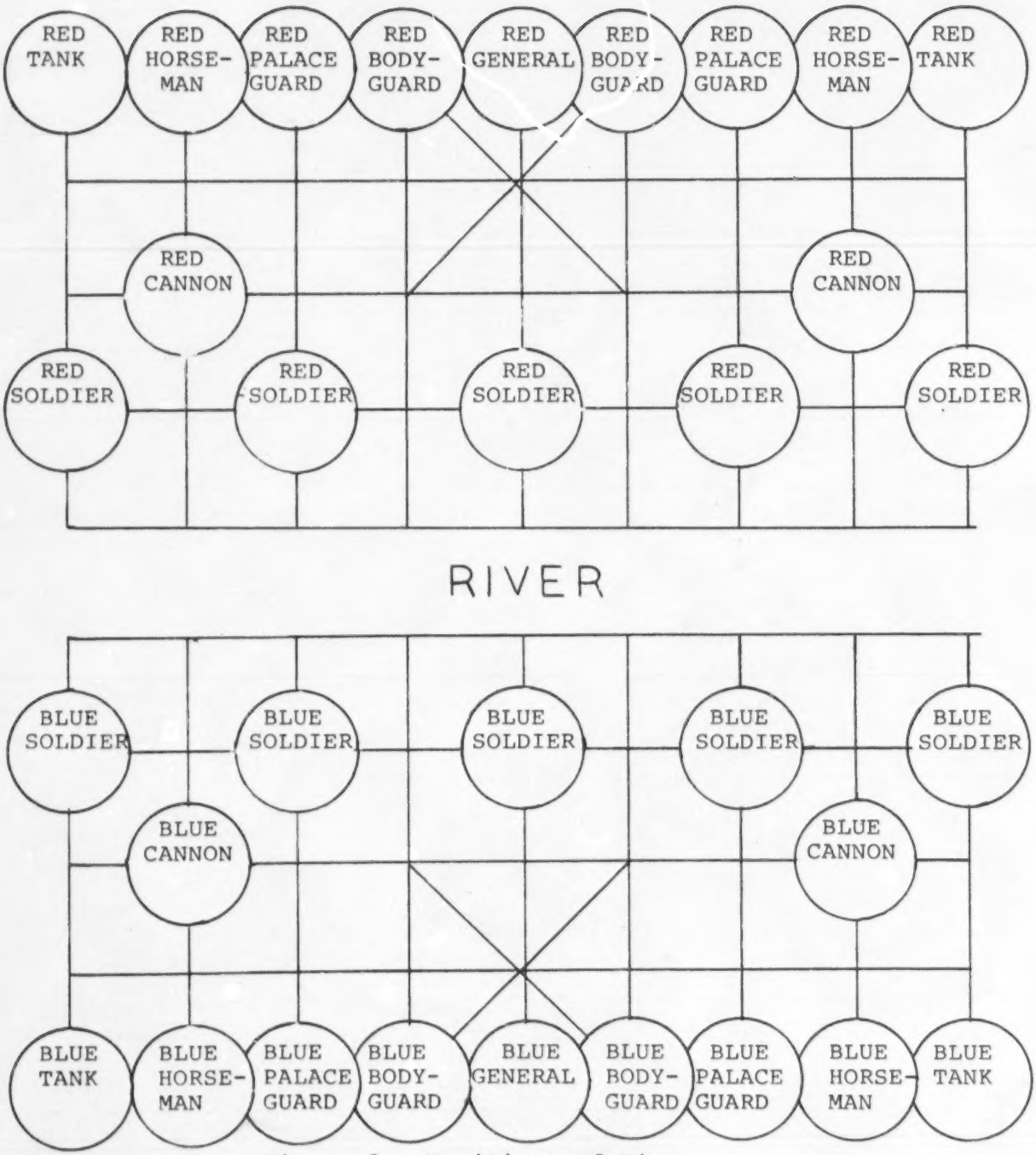


Figure 2: Positions of Pieces at Beginning of Game

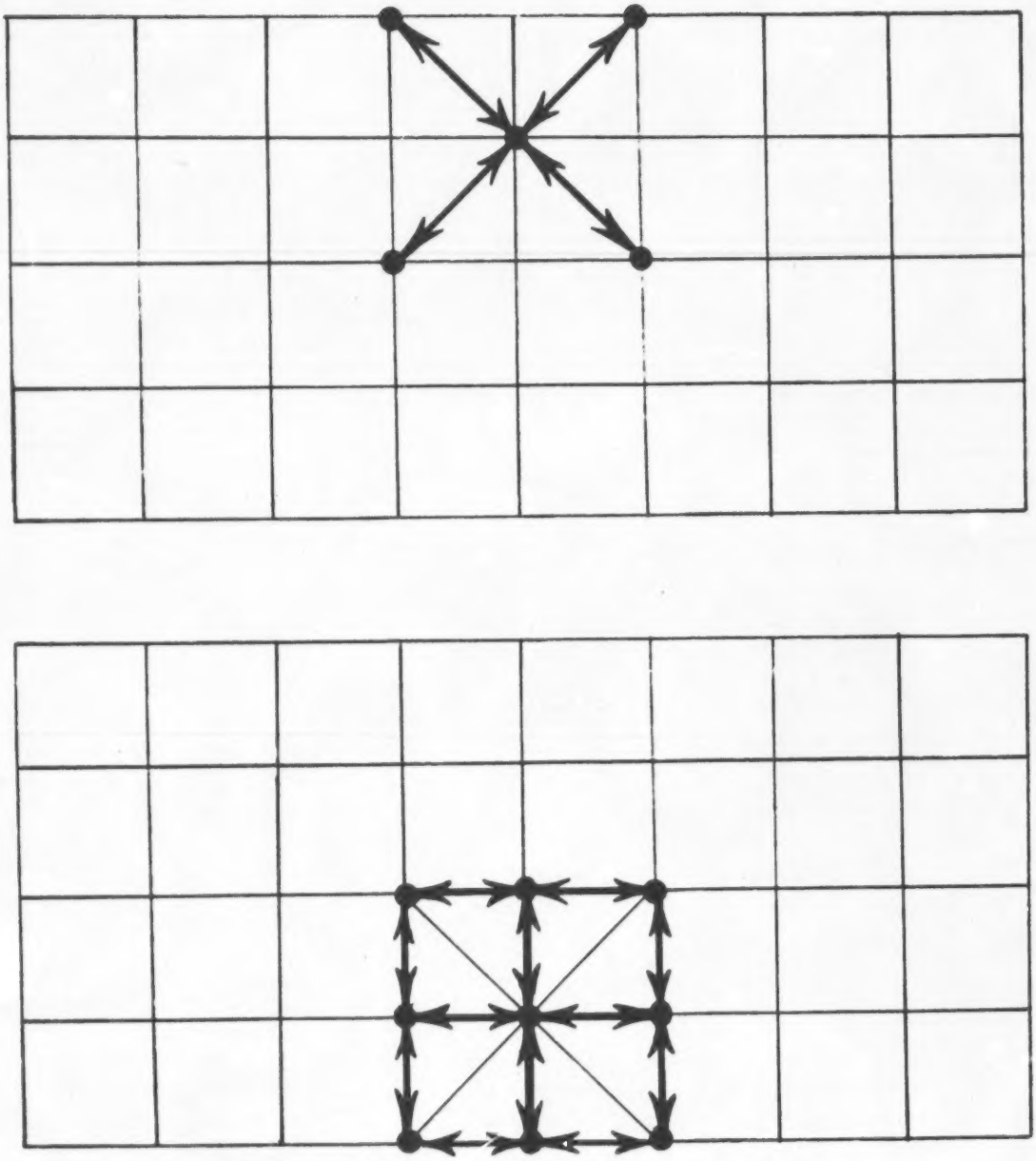


Figure 3: Bottom: Moves and Positions of the General
Top: Moves and Positions of the Bodyguard

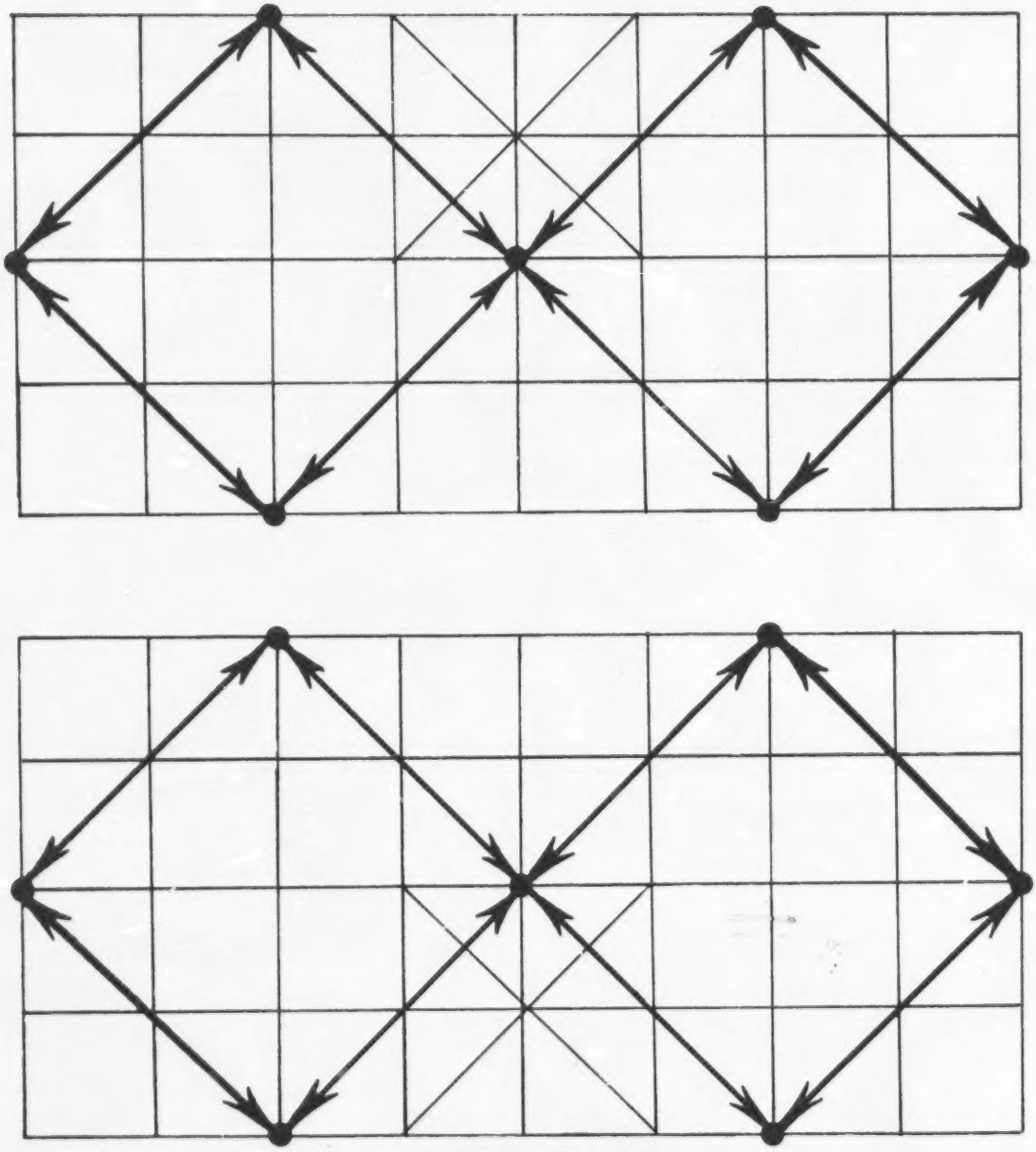


Figure 4: Moves and Positions of Palace Guards

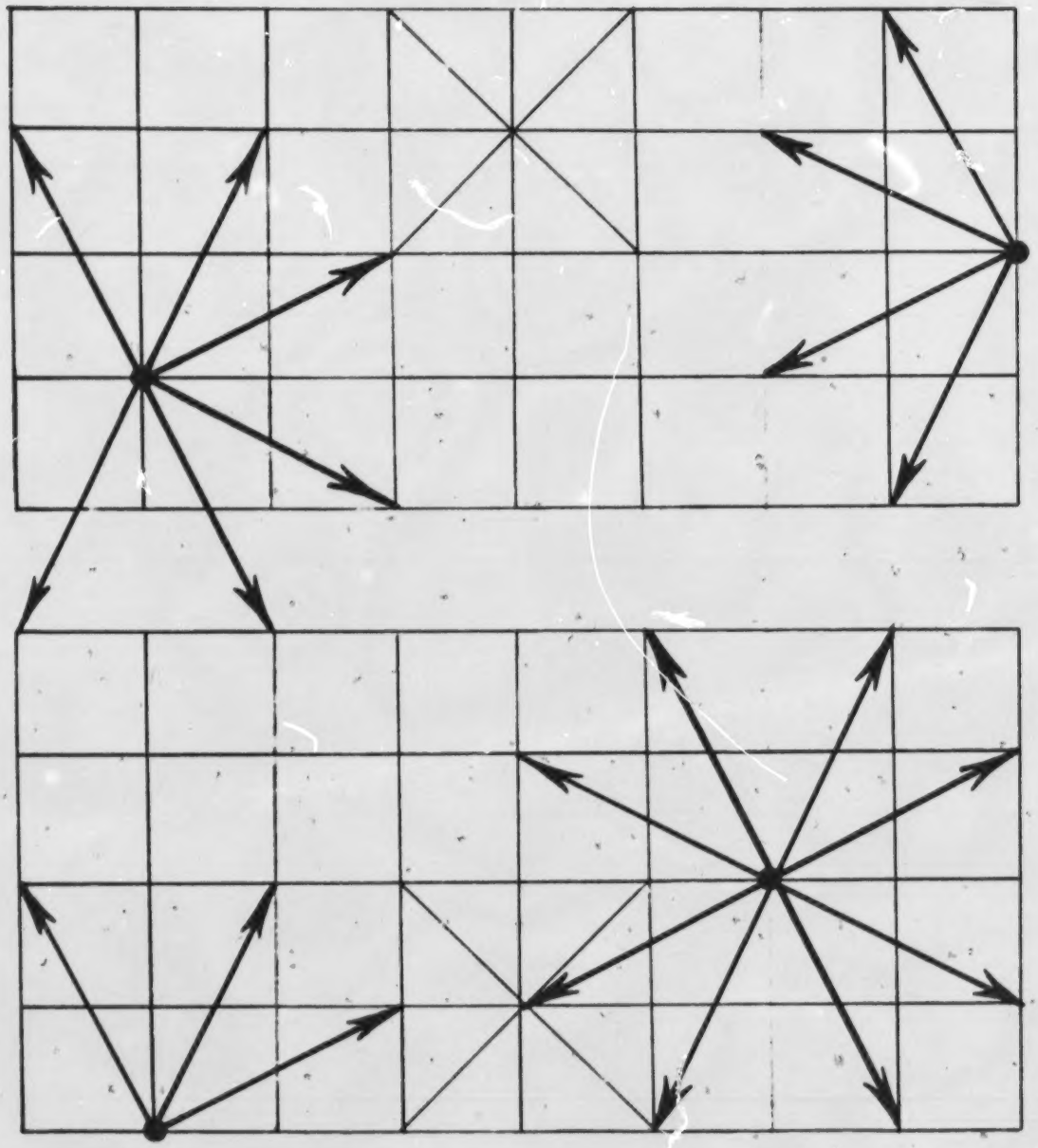


Figure 5: Moves Open to Horsemen from Various Positions

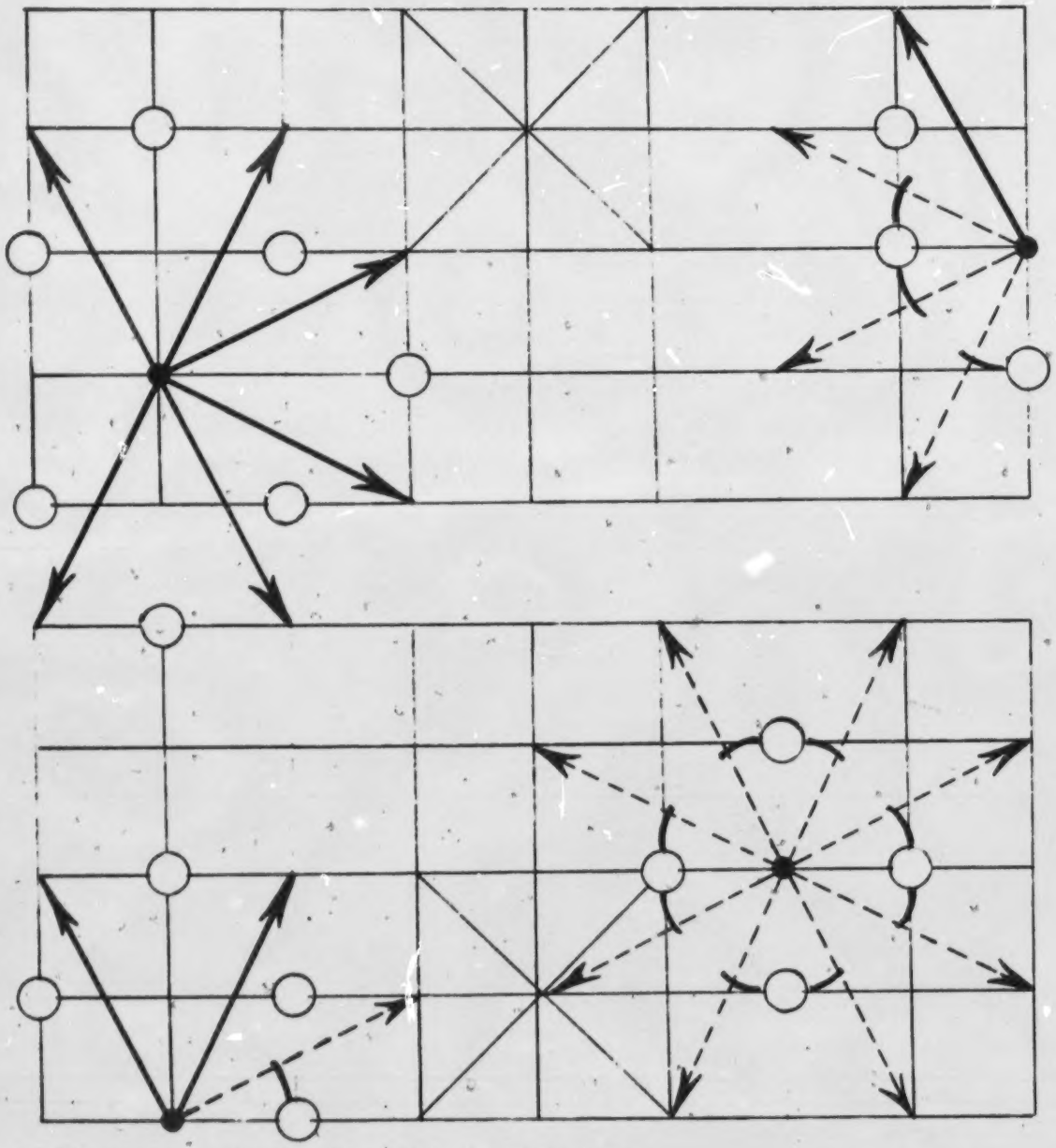


Figure 6: Moves Blocked to Horsemen

Blocked Move: - - - - - - →
Unblocked Move: ——————→
Blocking Piece:

Piece Not Blocking:

Note: Blocking piece may be of either color.

Note that at the beginning of the game, when the pieces are arrayed as shown in Figure 2, the Horseman cannot move laterally to the position directly in front of his own Bodyguard, because he is blocked by his own Palace Guard. However, the Horseman can move forward to a position on either the left or the right of his Cannon.

The Tank: The tank can move any distance on a horizontal or vertical line. He cannot leap over pieces. His moves are exactly like those of the Rook in Western chess, except that there is no castling move.

The Cannon: The Cannon has two kinds of moves, one in which it captures and one in which it does not.

1. Moving without Capturing: The Cannon can move any distance on a horizontal or vertical line, like the Tank, but without capturing.

2. Capturing: The Cannon can move and capture a piece at any distance on a horizontal or vertical line if there is one piece between its starting position and the piece it is going to capture. That is, the Cannon can leap over one piece, of either color, and capture the next piece on that line if it is of the opposing color. The Cannon cannot leap over a piece without capturing. Figure 7 shows several examples of Cannon capturing. Note that at the beginning of the game, when the pieces are set up as in Figure 2, the Cannon is in position to capture the Horseman on the opposite end of the board. However, this is not used as an opening move because the capturing Cannon would immediately be captured in turn by the Tank next to the Horseman.

The Soldier: The Soldier has two kinds of moves, one before he crosses the river and another added to that after he crosses the river (see Figure 8).

1. Before Crossing the River: The Soldier can move only one square at a time and in only one direction: forward. After two moves of this kind, the soldier finds himself on the other side of the River, and he then acquires the second move, described next.

2. After Crossing the River: After crossing the River, the Soldier can not only move one square forward, he can also move one square sideward, either to the left or to the right. He cannot back up.

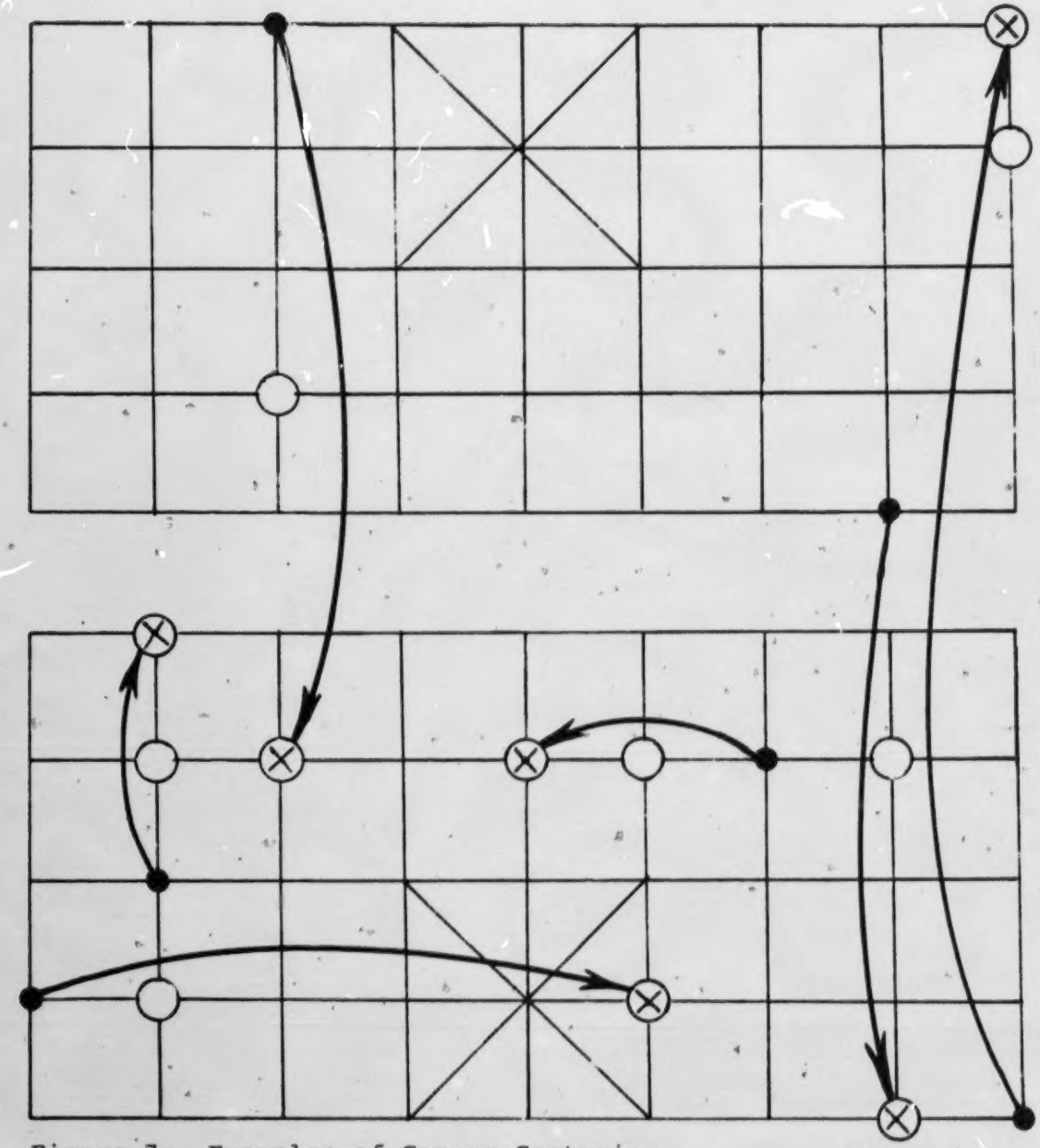


Figure 7: Examples of Cannon Capturing

Piece Being Jumped Over: ○

Piece Being Captured: ⊗

Note: Middle piece may be of either color.

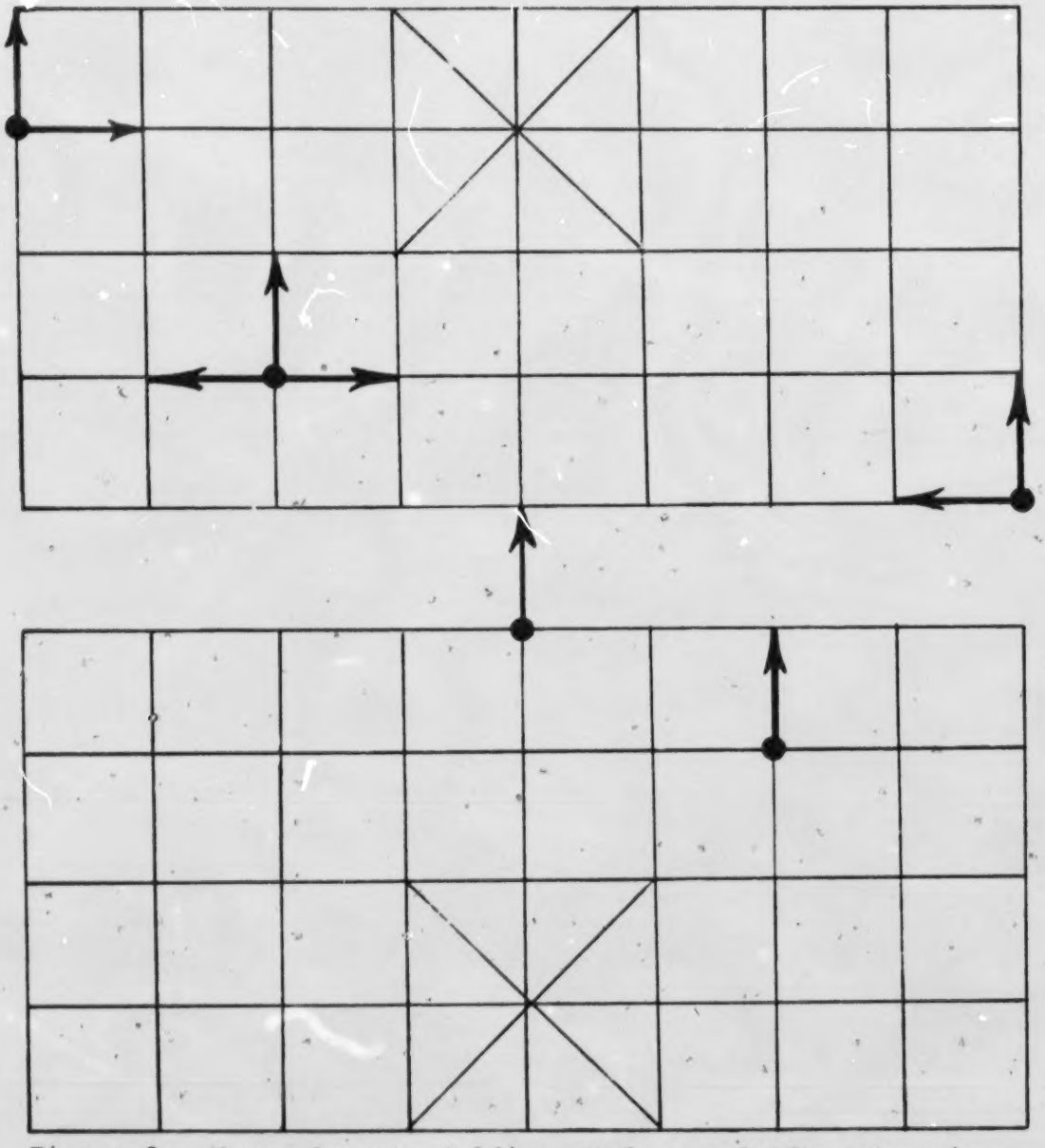


Figure 8: Moves Open to Soldiers Before and After Crossing the River

READING: THE PROTRACTED GAME

Adapted from Scott A. Boormay, The Protracted Game: A Wei-Ch'i Interpretation of Maoist Revolutionary Strategy, New York: Oxford University Press, 1969, pp. 3-9.

Every culture includes, as part of the body of tradition it passes down from generation to generation, some traditional concepts, techniques and values related to the conduct of large-scale conflict. When military strategists, historians or others analyze a war or political conflict that has occurred in their own culture, or in a culture very similar to their own, they find that the conflict is understandable--sometimes even predictable--because it is conducted according to traditional methods that are familiar to them.

However, when observers from one culture try to analyze a war or political conflict in a cultural setting very different from their own, they often find that the way in which the conflict is conducted is at best unpredictable or, at worst, makes no sense to them at all. The reason is, of course, that the observers are ignorant of the values, ideas and techniques that guide the people who are in conflict.

During this century, the United States has engaged in several wars, declared and undeclared, which took place in Asia, against Asian adversaries. In the Vietnam war, the two sides were waging two different kinds of war against each other. The side backed by the United States used Western warfare; the other side used methods of warfare which had been developed in China, under the leadership of Mao Tse-tung, between 1927 and 1949, and which were being further developed and adapted by Vietnamese strategists.

The Maoist system of revolutionary warfare combines two traditions of political and military conflict, both of them foreign and often mysterious to American military strategists. One of these is the tradition of Chinese warfare, which developed completely independently of Western cultures for several thousand years before Chinese ever fought Western military forces. The other contributing element of Maoist warfare is Marxism-Leninism, which originated with the German philosopher Karl Marx (1818-1883), was developed under the leadership of Nikolai Lenin (1870-1924) during the Russian revolution, and was brought to China by Russian advisors to the Kuomintang (Nationalist) government shortly thereafter.

From the point of view of a Western military strategist, the Maoist system of revolutionary warfare is filled with paradoxes. It uses fluid, "hit and run" operational methods, yet it relies on relatively stable base areas. It places great emphasis on efficiency, yet it uses protracted, drawn-out conflict. The people who conduct Maoist warfare seem to delight in complexity, whereas Western military strategy emphasizes simplicity. Moreover, the writings of Mao Tse-tung and of other Maoist strategists are so filled with principles, pronouncements, guidelines and directives that it is very difficult for the Western analyst to figure out which part is the strategy and which part is just propaganda.

One tool that Western military strategists, historians and others might use in trying to understand Maoist strategy is a simulation model. Such a model should accurately represent both the general type of situation in which Maoist methods are used, and the particular strategies which Maoists use in that type of situation.

It happens that such a simulation exists, and has existed for more than two thousand years. It is the ancient Chinese game of strategy, wei-ch'i. The game is commonly known in the West by its Japanese name, go, but it has been a favorite game of strategy for Chinese generals, statesmen and literati since the former Han dynasty (206 BC-8 AD). It is safe to assume that the strategy of wei-ch'i and the strategy used in Chinese warfare have been influencing each other for thousands of years, and that both represent what is essentially one culture's traditional body of values, concepts and methods for the conduct of large-scale, protracted conflict.

It would be possible, of course, for a Western observer to construct a new simulation of Maoist warfare, designing his model to imitate what is known of Maoist strategy from its extensive use in China and Southeast Asia in this century. However, wei-ch'i has one important advantage over such a newly designed simulation model: the ancient game has been studied, played with and written about by most if not all of the best strategic minds of Asia for many centuries. The game is very complicated, but it is also very well understood. A newly constructed simulation that was equally complex would be full of surprises for everybody.

Another, perhaps more important, advantage of wei-ch'i as a simulation of Maoist warfare is that Mao Tse-tung, in his own writings, has several times pointed out similarities between the strategy of the game and his own strategy of warfare. In May of 1938, in an essay entitled, "Problems of Strategy in Guerilla War Against Japan," Mao wrote:

> Thus there are two forms of encirclement by the enemy forces and two forms of encirclement by our own--rather like a game of weichi. Campaigns and battles fought by the two sides resemble the capturing of each other's pieces, and the establishment of strongholds by the enemy and of guerilla base areas by us resembles moves to dominate spaces on the board. It is in the matter of "dominating the spaces" that the great strategic role of guerrilla base areas in the rear of the enemy is revealed.[1]

(In a game of wei-ch'i, a player gets points in two ways: by capturing territory, and by capturing the other player's pieces. Both are done by encirclement: a player has captured all territory that is surrounded by his own pieces, and he has captured all "enemy" pieces that are surrounded by his own pieces. Encirclement is literally the name of the game in Chinese: "wei-ch'i" means, literally, "Encirclement-Chess," or "Surround-Chess." In the

1. Mao Tse-tung, Selected Military Writings of Mao Tse-tung, Peking, Foreign Languages Press, First Pocket Edition (1968), p. 176.

above quotation, Mao refers to the strategy of weakening one's wei-ch'i opponent by capturing territory in a part of the board where previously only the opponent had any pieces. Mao used this strategy effectively against the Japanese during the late 1930's and early 1940's.)

Mao further developed the analogy between wei-ch'i and warfare in another essay, "On Protracted War," which was written at about the same time as the essay quoted earlier.

> --rather like a game of weichi. Campaigns and battles fought by the two sides resemble the capturing of each other's pieces, and the establishment of enemy strongholds (such as Taiyuan) and our guerrilla base areas (such as the Wutai Mountains) resembles moves to dominate spaces on the board. If the game of weichi is extended to include the world, there is yet a third form of encirclement as between us and the enemy...[2]

(The "third form of encirclement" Mao refers to at the end of this quotation is the encirclement of the Japanese forces in the whole Pacific Ocean area by the forces of China and several other countries working together. Mao envisioned expanding the wei-ch'i board to include not just China, but the whole Pacific. On a board that size there would be many more "players," all allied against Japan. Thus, although the Japanese had the Chinese forces surrounded in China, the Chinese together with several other nations had the Japanese surrounded in the larger Pacific theater of war.)

Ten years after the publication of "On Protracted War," Mao again referred to wei-ch'i. In a campaign directive regarding final operations against the Nationalists in northern China in December of 1948, Mao said, "If these two points, Tangku (the most important) and Hsinpao-an, are captured, you will have the initiative on the whole chessboard."[3] The Chinese idiom Mao used at the end of the sentence is, "ch'üan-chü chieh huo-le," which means literally, "the whole situation will be living."

(In a game of wei-ch'i, pieces on the board which have captured some territory and which have not been captured themselves are said to be "living." A group of pieces may be "living" even if they are surrounded, provided that there are enough separate pieces of captured territory among the encircled pieces. On the other hand, if the surrounded pieces and their territory are not in the right configuration, they are "dead": captured by the pieces that have them encircled. The dead pieces are left on the board, both they and their territory being surrendered to the surrounding "enemy." One of the peculiarities of wei-ch'i, and of guerrilla warfare, is that "living" pieces can often become "dead"--or vice versa--because of a relatively small change in the situation elsewhere on the board. In the above quotation, Mao is talking about two

2. Mao Tse-tung (1968), p. 221.

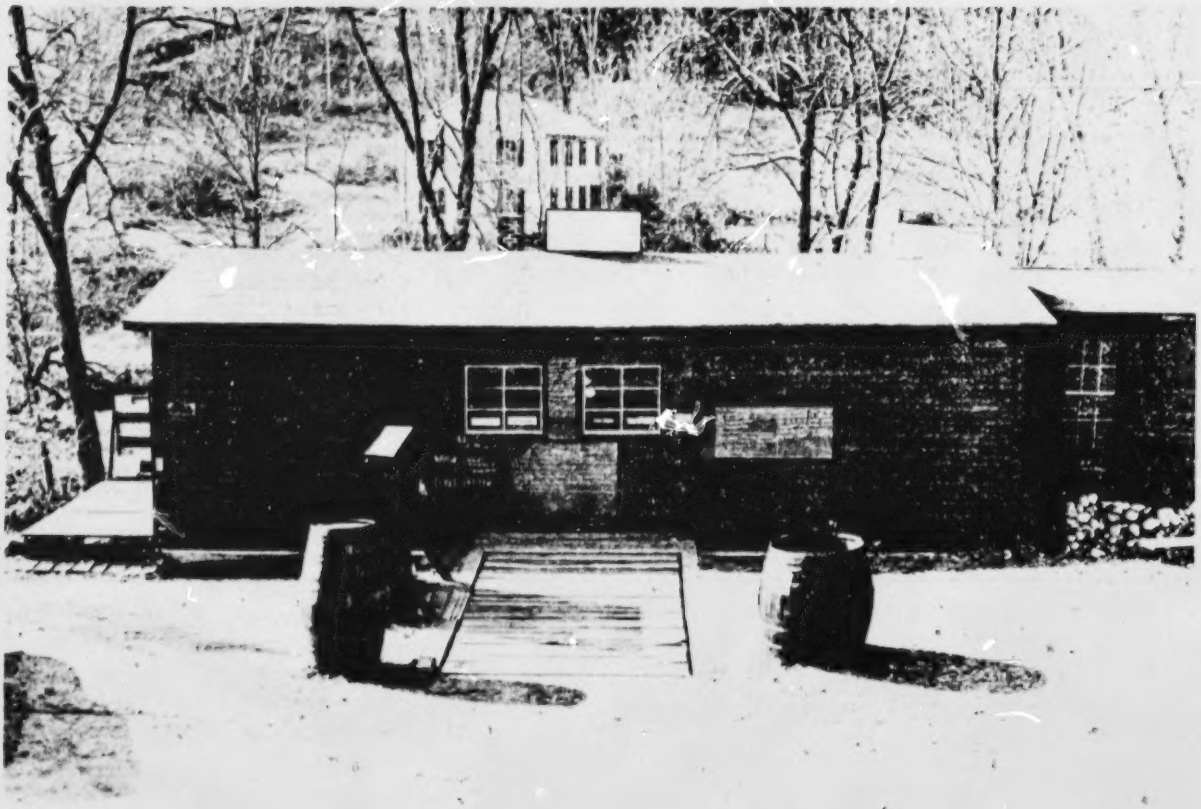
3. Mao Tse-tung (1968), p. 379.

important places on the "board" of northern China where relatively small changes in the military situation will leave large numbers of Nationalist forces "dead"--i.e., useless--in other places, and leave all the revolutionary forces "living." Several months later, the Nationalists were "living" only on the offshore island of Taiwan.)

The idea that wei-ch'i can be used as a simulation of Maoist military strategy needs to be verified by study of the actual conduct of Maoist revolutionary warfare in China and Southeast Asia during the last half-century. The Chinese revolution could be studied as a wei-ch'i game that lasted twenty-two years, on a board the size of China. The Vietnam war, beginning with Vietnamese insurgency against the French early in this century, could be similarly analyzed. This sort of analysis could help Western observers understand what has happened in Maoist political and military conflict in the past, and thus to predict what will happen, or at least what will be attempted, in the future. For example, wei-ch'i analysis of the Vietnam war could have predicted, as early as 1961, later developments in Chinese policies toward both Indonesia and India.

Every game has fewer variables than has a real war. However, a game that includes the most important principles of a particular style of warfare can serve as a useful simulation model of that style of warfare, precisely because it eliminates all elements of a real violent conflict except for the single element of strategy--the way the game is played and won.

HERBERT AND RUTH OGDEN: INDIVIDUALISTS



The sweet aroma of apple cider greets visitors to Ogden's Mill, Windsor, Vermont. Thousands find it each year, despite the lack of advertising or directional signs along the road.

Those who visit the mill are rewarded. There are free samples, treats for the senses of taste, smell, and sight. Apples waiting to be pressed are piled high in bins. Aromatic "wild" and "tame" cider is stored in huge wooden vats. Their spigots are hand carved. The atmosphere suggests an earlier time when life seemed simpler.

Below the store level, a waterwheel turns. Flywheels and leather belts hum and flap while grains are ground into flour, apples pressed into cider. In the midst of all this machinery an electrical generator whirs. The mill runs all year, generating electricity for its own lights and providing electric heat for the Ogden's nearby home.

This operation provides support for the Ogdens, Herbert and Ruth. They own the mill "free and clear," as well as their home, surrounding land, and a Volkswagen "Beetle."

Actually, the Ogdens have several vehicles to transport produce in and products out. But they say they could make do with the "Beetle" alone—or a horse and wagon.

If the signs in the yard and on the mill wall are to be believed, the "dog bites." That reference may be to a sleepy hound which decorates the store's porch, or the huge plaster statue of an old dog once used to advertise Victrola record players. But that was long ago in the early part of this century. Still, it fits in here. If the plaster dog seems an anachronism, it is not alone. "Be Smart GO RAIL!" a poster urges customers. "Save the Environment—Bring Back the TRAINS!" Such admonitions fit the rustic atmosphere. So do the cast iron wood-burning stoves that warm the mill, the Ogdens, and their visitors and customers. "ADJUST?" his signs and bumper stickers ask. "HELL NO! FIGHT IT!" they answer without a pause.

Around mid-century the mill was moved from its former location to this site on Hull's Brook. Herbert Ogden transported every piece, rebuilding the mill and adding a modern steel-overshot water wheel. The mill, especially the water-power system, indicates Ogden's ingenuity.

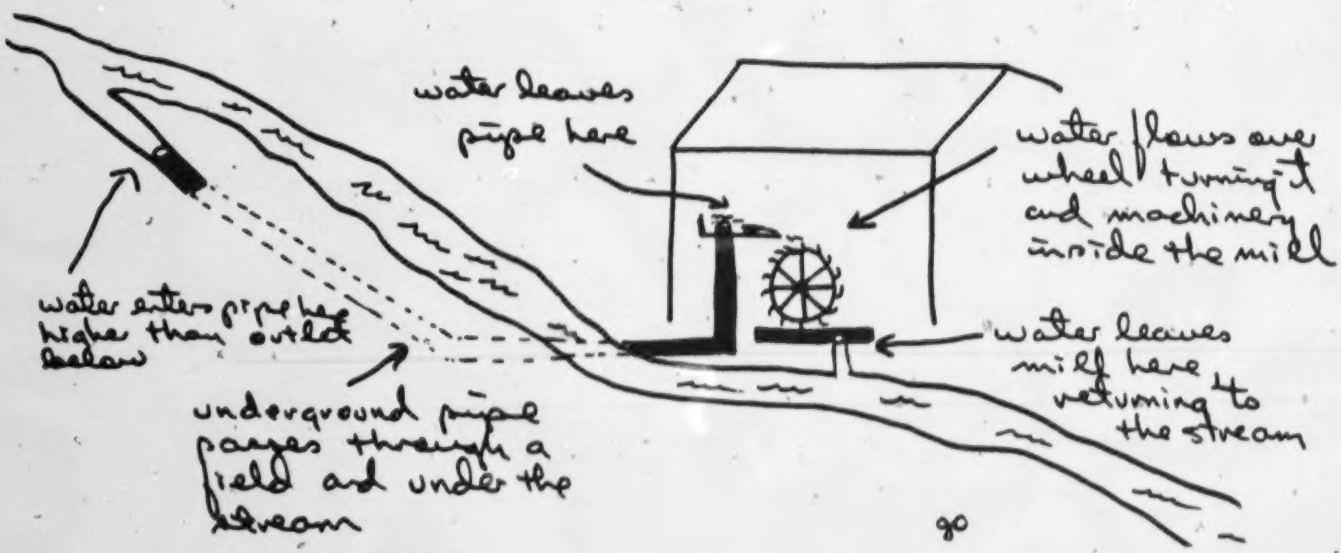
A channel has been dug at an angle to the stream. This elongated pond transfers water from the stream into a large pipe. Problems of winter ice and spring flood debris are minimized. Even when the water surface freezes, there is still a flow through the pipe below ice level. The weight of upstream water flowing into the pipe forces it out the other end and over the water wheel. A valve controls the flow of water into a chute and onto the wheel. Then the water is channeled back into the stream.

Like its owner, Ogden's mill does its work unpretentiously, slowly and effectively. It also creates no pollution. The apple cider and vinegar are sold. The apple pomace remaining is used as mulch and fertilizer on the farm. Recently, a farmer has been purchasing some pomace for feeding his cows. There is no waste in the grinding of various grains. The customer gets it all, whether whole wheat, rye, or oats.

Herbert Ogden also serves as a Vermont State Senator. As he puts it, "I *stand* for election, others "*run*." Since he began to "*stand*," he's won every time, although a decade earlier he too "*ran*" and

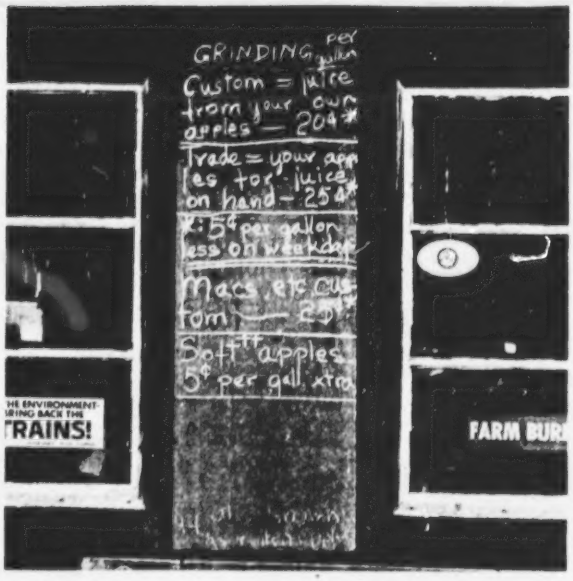
lost. Windsor County, Vermont voters provide a healthy margin for this candidate who buys no advertisements. He does however speak, often in public, write letters to editors, and talk in a friendly persuasive manner with neighbors and those who visit the mill.

He is a conservative Republican. Those who browse through the reading material at the mill find a "Goldwater in 1964!" poster and copies of William F. Buckley's *National Review*. And they


water leaves pipe here
water flows over wheel turning it and machinery inside the mill
water enters pipe here higher than outlet below
underground pipe passes through a field and under the stream
water leaves mill here returning to the stream

also mimeograph papers by the Senator on such subjects as *Public Subsidy to Private Industry, Housing: Practices and Poultices, Roads or Rails?, Property Tax Reform,* and *Republicans? Democrats? Any Difference?*

Presumably this Vermont State Senator also chalks memos on the slate boards around the mill. "Organic Poison Ivy Plants $1.00" and "Insist on Full Measure—Fill Your Own Jugs" suggest a wry humor. "SAVE THE ENVIRONMENT—BRING BACK THE TRAINS!" and "FARM BUREAU" indicate a finely tuned ecological sense and an appreciation of cooperative, collaborative effort. He sells placards and carved wooden signs with such messages as, "MEASURE TWICE, CUT ONCE," and "SHUN THE MAN EDUCATED BEYOND HIS INTELLIGENCE."


GRINDING per gallon
Custom = juice from your own apples — 20¢
Trade = your apples for juice on hand — 25¢
5¢ per gallon
Mac's etc cus
rom — 2
Soft apples
5¢ per gal. xtra
RAINS!
FARM BUR

REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT

To the Editor:

I must conclude that I have done John Alden an injustice by attempting to downgrade his vote winning ability and must humbly apologize.

It has been called to my attention that his most remarkable achievement—completely unheralded by an otherwise eternally vigilant press corps—took place in Grafton Nov. 5.

He not only scored highest among the five candidates but actually won more votes than there were voters to cast them.

The official record shows that he received 193 votes as a Republican and 53 votes as a Democrat for a total of 246. The total number of people voting was 211.

HERBERT G. OGDEN

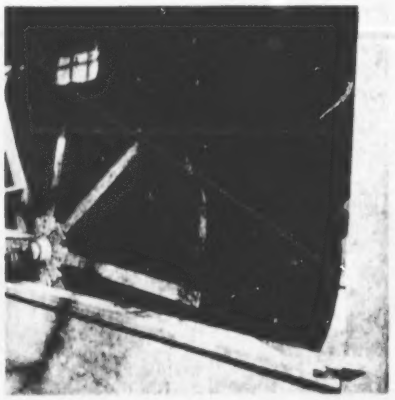
Hartland

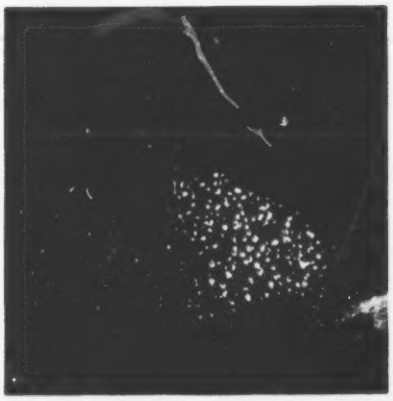
Six days a week, with Mondays off during cider season, Herbert Ogden works in the mill. Ruth is a full partner. During rush periods, she handles the money, making change from a coin pocket in a converted carpenters' apron. They'll serve a customer "anytime...except when we're sitting down to dinner." Arrivals at such times must "wait." "Otherwise we'd never get to eat," says Ogden.

Corn, oats, rye, and wheat are shipped to this mill by organic farmers as far away as Deaf Smith County, Texas. Ground grits and flours are marketed locally. The miller delivers his products to stores in the Connecticut River Valley and surrounding region. Mail orders are an important part of the business. The produce is also sold at the mill site. Ogden's flours and meals are noted as the very best by those who favor whole grain breads. People drive up the narrow dirt road through the forest to fill their own jugs with several kinds of apple cider and vinegar.

Some bring local apples for Ogden to press. He will not accept those which have been sprayed with any sort of poison. A bite from every load tells him whether the apples are "wild" native fruit or from abandoned orchards. Try to slip in a bushel of sprayed fruit and he'll sight it in a second. His kind of apples are small, knotty, and unevenly colored. They would horrify any supermarket produce specialist. But such fruit makes fine juice and a delicious cider. Put in barrels and permitted to "work" awhile, the cider would build an alcohol content and turn "hard." Maybe some people do this at home. Ogden sells no "hard" cider, although he can explain to customers how it is made.

Across the brook is the Ogden's home, a two-level white "colonial." The large building is





heated electrically from the mill's generator and by wood-burning stoves. In this area winter can bring temperatures as low as -40° Fahrenheit. Deep snow and intermittent winds also encourage householders to rely on their own resources. There are no oil or gas pipelines and the road into town is sometimes closed by a heavy snowfall. Electrical wires connect public utilities with individual homes but windy weather or icy conditions sometimes break lines and interrupt service.

The Ogdens are prepared for whatever nature brings. Should the generator stop, they have plenty of wood for fuel. A small brook near the house provides constantly flowing water for the kitchen sink. Wastes are disposed of through an underground septic tank system. There's plenty of surplus wood in the surrounding forest. Their organic garden produces bountiful supplies of food, much of it preserved by Ruth Ogden to enjoy throughout the year. Chickens and ducks convert weeds and insects into protein for the family table.

Money is not the prime motivator for Herbert and Ruth Ogden. Work is. They respect work and do it well. Being close to nature is obviously important to this couple. Speaking the truth, thinking before speaking, respecting others, advocating what one believes, and avoiding dependency on others are basic values to these individualists.

How like Mr. and Mrs. Ogden are you?

How do you suppose they developed these values?

What do you expect will happen to their life style in the future?

Would the Ogdens consider their activities work or play?

Photographs by John Hills.

WHEN AND WHERE IN THE WORLD IS THIS?

Photograph for Analysis #1

Kalahari?	1453?
Sahel?	1553?
Atacama?	1653?
Pampas	
Gobi?	1753?
Kirgiz?	
Amboseli?	1853?
Mojave?	1953?
Big Bend?	2053?

1. *Where is this? And when?*

2. On what evidence do you base your judgments?

3. How do you describe this ecological condition?

4. On what continents could this scene exist? What regions?

5. How do you respond emotionally to the picture? Do you associate the situation with a good, tranquil life style or one involving physical hardship and boredom? What other possibilities are suggested?

6. In what ways are people and culture associated with the scene?

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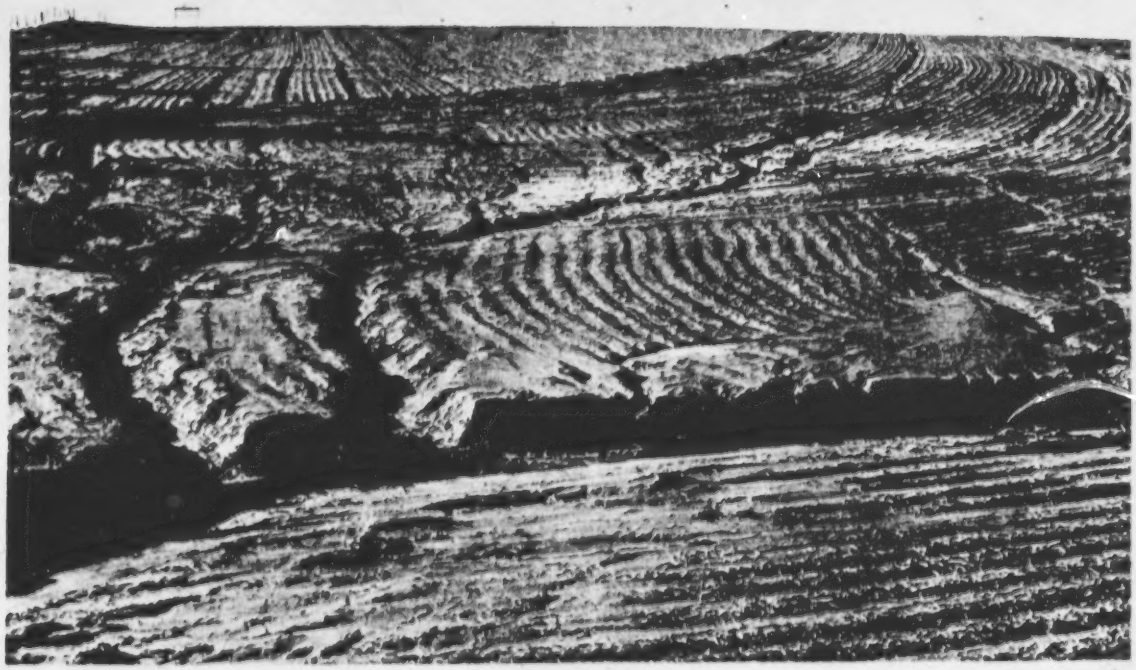
Photo by United States Department of Agriculture, Soil Conservation Service, April 1953, Union County, New Mexico "Dust storm on an overgrazed range." USDA Photo #80905. Reproduced with permission.

WHEN AND WHERE IN THE WORLD IS THIS?

Photograph for Analysis #2



Oregon?	1456?
British Columbia?	1556?
Yucatan?	1656?
Chaco?	1756?
Rungwe?	1856?
Occidentale?	1956?
Chiapas?	2056?
Queensland?	
Johore?	

1. *Where is this? And when?*

2. On what evidence do you base your judgments?

3. How do you describe this ecological condition?

4. On what continents could this scene exist? What regions?

5. How do you respond emotionally to the picture? Do you associate the situation with a good, tranquil life style or one involving physical hardship and boredom? What other possibilities are suggested.

6. In what ways are people and culture associated with the scene?

Photo by United States Department of Agriculture, Soil Conservation Service, March 1956, Sherman County, Moro, Oregon. "Soil erosion by wind and rain." USDA Photo #75166. Reproduced with permission.

CARIBOU VERSUS PIPELINE: CAN THEY TAKE IT IN STRIDE?

by Lael Morgan

THE PIPELINE WILL DO FOR THE CARIBOU WHAT THE RAILROAD DID FOR THE BUFFALO!

That is the theme of a current conservationist poster. And, if the proposed trans-Alaskan oil pipeline does block caribou migration, it bodes a cold and hungry future for several thousand Alaskan natives.

Over 20 Eskimo and Indian villages in the neighborhood of the pipeline depend on caribou for food and clothing. Some use the meat only to supplement their diets. But tradition-bound villages like Anaktuvuk Pass, live almost exclusively on caribou.

The average Anaktuvuk family consumes one caribou a week or one every five days if a dog team must be maintained. Almost all winter footwear is made of caribou skin. Hunters need a heavy caribou fur atigi (parka) to survive. The Anaktuvuk people also use caribou skins for their small but growing mask-making industry.

There is little anti-pipeline talk among the natives, however. Many of them were employed on pipeline survey crews and look forward to jobs during construction. Pipeline development is regarded as a quick ticket to transition from a subsistence to a cash economy. And with a little luck, the caribou will survive to provide the best of both worlds.

Scientists know surprisingly little about caribou. They have relied heavily on Eskimo reporting for the information they do have. Eskimos don't boast much insight into caribou psychology either, although they have hunted the animal for hundreds of years.

Experienced hunters will tell you they watch for caribou, "anywhere, at any time in any numbers."

Some biologists believe the animals acquired their wandering habits as an evolutionary mechanism adopted to prevent overuse of range. Others see migration as a simple search for food and a calving area.

The natives sometimes advance the theory that, "Maybe, like people, the caribou have a lot of fun coming together in larger groups and traveling."

Whatever their motives, thousands of caribou gather in the spring to travel to open tundra where they drop their young. In the fall they return to the south.

There are 13 caribou herds in Alaska and the pipeline route intercepts three. One pipeline stretch lies on the North Slope from Prudhoe Bay south. There the gigantic Arctic and Porcupine herds mingle in search of good calving ground. A second, more crucial section would block the east-west migration of the Nelchina herd about 500 miles to the south.

Last summer, a study was begun to determine the reaction of caribou to pipelines. Alyeska Pipeline Service Company, B.P. Alaska Inc. and the U.S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife established two simulated pipelines on the slope. Because this is to be a two-year study, Alyeska has been reluctant to release findings to date. But a report on the project made at a Canadian science conference last fall was not encouraging.

For one thing, herds didn't show up for the experiment. Only 1,707 caribou appeared where thousands had crowded the slope the previous season.

Adapted with permission from an Alicia Patterson Foundation newsletter by Lael W. Morgan, a 1972 Alicia Patterson Foundation Fellow.

Skeptics view this in itself as a bad sign. They charge oil activity has already disrupted migration. The Alaska Department of Fish and Game does not find this alarming, however. The caribou have avoided that part of the slope before. And, according to their studies, "areas known for many years to have great numbers may suddenly be abandoned as the herd changes its migration pattern."

More significant is the fact that out of 1,707 encounters with the simulated pipeline, 83 per cent of the caribou diverted from their original course. The majority turned back to the direction whence they'd come. The rest detoured around the obstructions rather than use the series of ramps and underpasses designed for crossing. The B.P. Alaska mockup was only 3,600 feet and Alyeska's stretched a little short of two miles, a short walk by caribou standards.

Peter Lent, associate professor of wildlife management at the University of Alaska and leader of the Alaska Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit conducting the study, does not seem discouraged by the statistics.

He's planning to widen the ramps and underpasses and modify grades to make the pipeline crossing more inviting. His unit has also undertaken a similar study on the Sewart Peninsula on reindeer. They are domesticated caribou and easier to corral.

Lent refuses to make any predictions until his experiments are complete. The only thing he will say definitely is that "caribou are rather unpredictable."

They have been reported climbing 5,000 foot mountains, negotiating 45 degree grades, and swimming lakes and rivers. They can see a man a mile off and a day-old fawn can outrun a human. They forage an average of 12 to 13 miles a day and can cover 25 miles a day if inclined.

Cameron Edmondson, oil reporter for the *Anchorage Daily News*, believes the problem is overblown and wryly suggests a pipeline alternative.

"Why not get the caribou to pack out barrels of crude oil on their southward migration and have them return in the spring with supplies for the oil camps?

"Actually the gas pipeline through Canada (now in the talking stages) will probably be much more of a problem than the oil from the slope."

Jim Hemming, formerly with state Fish and Game and now in the Pipeline Division, Federal Bureau of Land Management, notes Alaska's caribou herds have been increasing steadily while Canada's declined.

At the turn of the century whaling crews hunted northern Alaskan caribou almost to extinction. And mining activities reduced the Nelchina herd to under 10,000. Today the Nelchina herd numbers 61,000 and there are 382,000 caribou in the Arctic and Porcupine herds. In addition, herds have been transplanted to other areas bringing Alaska's total to 542,300. Canadian caribou, which also faced extinction, now total 390,000 but the population remains static. Canadian biologists blame heavy hunting as the major reason that their herds don't grow. They claim Alaska has richer grazing area.

Hemming reports subsistence hunting of Alaska caribou dropped 60 per cent with introduction of the snow machine. A program to exterminate wolves (a major predator) also increased the caribou population. Only about 26,000 caribou are taken annually north of the Arctic Circle where there is no season or limit. About 1,600 animals are bagged elsewhere in the state where there is a limit of three per hunter.

The Alaska Fish and Game Department is expected to hold herds at present levels or even reduce them if range should diminish.

If the pipeline blocks herd migration and forces cows to calve in areas that won't support them, Hemming warns the animals will be in jeopardy.

"If the pipeline is buried where there is conflict with the migration pattern, there won't be any problem.

"But gradually we're going to see reduced range," he predicted. "If the North Slope is eventually developed at the level of the Prudhoe Bay operation, it will no doubt drastically affect the herds. Federal Petroleum Reserve No. 4 (staked around Pt. Barrow where the Arctic herd grazes) is an important calving area."

Skip Braden, an Alyeska Pipeline spokesman, regrets that the public views the pipeline "like the Great Wall of China."

As their building proposal now stands, much of the line in the crucial area will be buried, Braden said, and the Wildlife Unit will find alternatives.

"I've talked to a number of experts off the record. They candidly say that it might take two or three years but once the pipeline becomes a normal feature caribou will probably view it differently. Caribou are reasonably plastic in adaptation to man."

What hunters will do while the caribou are adapting is open to question. Statistics show that welfare handouts increase as much as 80 per cent when herds by-pass those villages dependent on them. Hopefully, pipeline construction jobs might fill the gap while the caribou are learning to use the ramps and overpasses and return to their regular routes.

Hemming points out that recent federal land withdrawals for wildlife refuge systems in Alaska will protect a good part of the caribou range. The rest of the grazing area will probably fall under the native land claims selection.

"It will be very important what the natives do with this land," he maintains. "It may put the burden of caribou protection on the natives themselves."

What about the analogy that the pipeline will do for the caribou what the railroad did for the buffalo? It's debatable whether the railroad wiped out the buffalo or they were eventually doomed anyway. At any rate, conservationists should be heartened to know that Alaskan caribou herds are in better shape than the buffalo were when overtaken by the iron horse.

With caribou watching becoming a national concern, perhaps the independent animals won't be "buffaloed" after all.

* * * * *

QUESTIONS TO CONSIDER

1. What might native Alaskans do if caribou herds shrink?
2. Why do some Alaskans look favorably on the pipeline development?
3. How do Caribou seem to regard the pipeline?
4. What do you think will happen to the caribou if the pipeline is built as planned?
5. How are culture and environment related? How is health related to culture and environment?
6. How can people affect their geographic environment? Can they make it more healthy? Do they? Can they make it less healthy? Do they?

SEASONAL MIGRANTS

Nomads passing through Aq Kupruk. The word nomad derives from a Greek term meaning *one who wanders for pasture.*

NOMADS OF AQ KUPRUK*

Aq Kupruk people are accustomed to the annual visits of nomad groups who can be expected to pass by during the warm months between May and September. These *Pushtun* nomads number as many as three thousand families and they use an ancient trail along the Balkh River.

With camel bells swinging and bouncing, they usually arrive between midnight and dawn, moving into the traditional camping areas north and south of the town in the early morning light.

Groaning under heavy loads these one-humped Asian camels carry tents and poles, pots and pans, buckets made from Russian gasoline cans, drums, and even lambs, chickens, pets, and children.

The nomadic women wear colorful dresses embroidered with gold and silver decorative jewelry and sequins. They sometimes ride on top of the swaying camels, especially if they have young babies. But most of the time they are scampering after straying children or animals while the men, rifles slung casually over the shoulder, keep the caravan moving along the centuries-old route. Women also make the tents, set them up, disassemble, repack, and repair them. They pack and unpack the animals. These *Pushtun* nomad women cook, process milk to make cheese and other products, and, of course, they bear and raise the children. Yet, from the viewpoint of some of the house-bound women of Aq Kupruk, the nomadic women are free.

Nomad men care for the livestock. Horses and camels, sheep and goats, chickens, and other animals are all brought along.

In fact, nomads must maintain sizable herds to sustain the families on their long orbital route. "Poor" nomads retreat to settled communities, either permanently or long enough to expand their herds, perhaps also acquiring wealth in other forms such as money or land.

In Aq Kupruk and elsewhere in the region, the size of the nomads' herds of sheep and goats indicates wealth. They can be expected also to own the finest horses, another sign of prosperity and status. There are also groups of gypsies who pass through the area selling charms and working as seasonal laborers.

*Aq Kupruk is a village in northern Afghanistan.

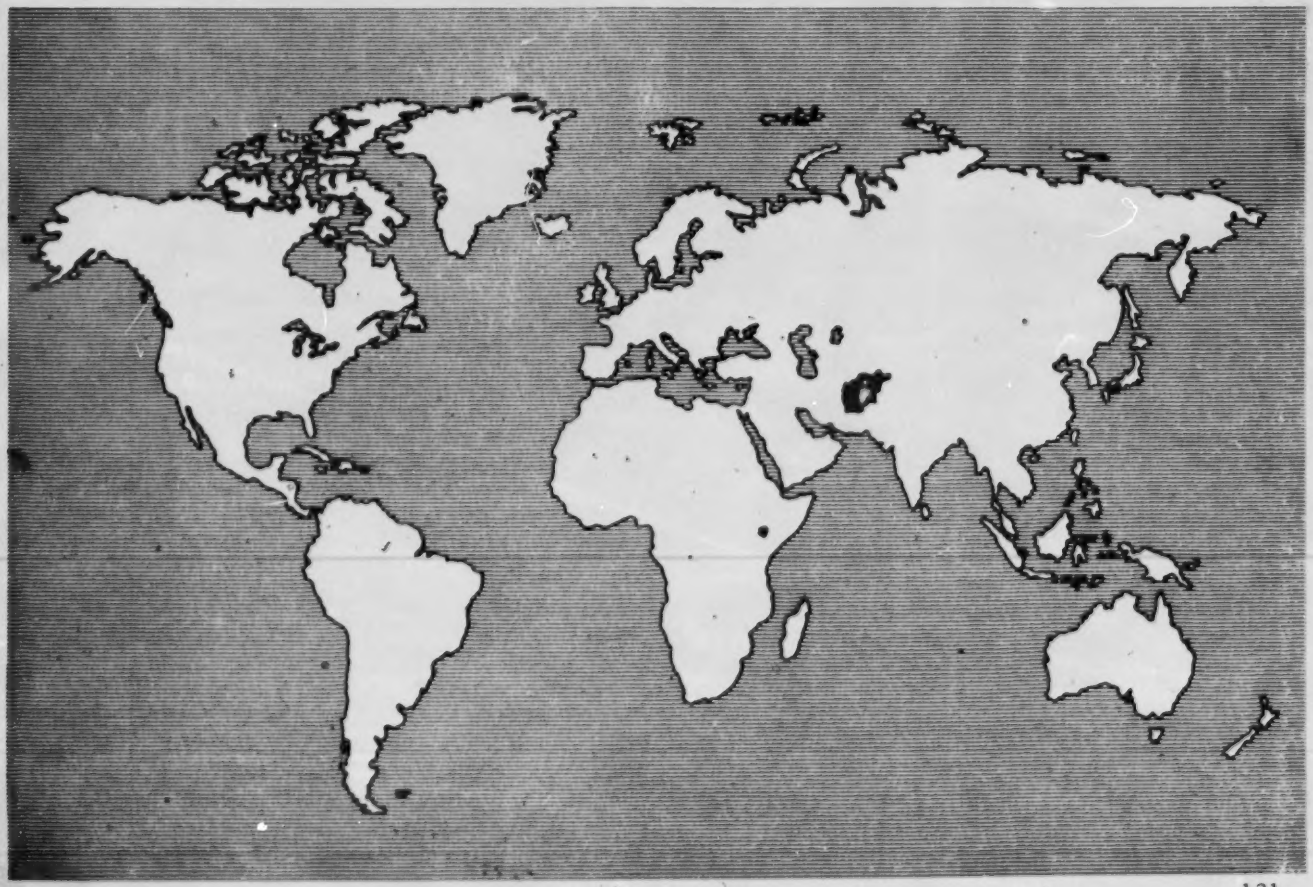
Of the wealthy nomads, Aq Kupruk farmers speak in hushed, seemingly embarrassed tones. They fear these nomads, though it is necessary to engage in commerce with them over almost a third of each year. Aq Kupruk is on the summer end of the nomad grazing and trading cycle. In the winter they barter their herds for manufactured goods—tea, salt, sugar, tobacco. In the remote mountain villages they barter the manufactured goods for local produce, perhaps nuts, fruit, shorn wool or livestock. Operating a kind of camel express, they may take valuable goods on consignment to be sold in a distant bazaar. They are trusted to return the proceeds on the next pass through the region. Their trading is always brisk and often somewhat suspect to the Aq Kupruk farmers.

The nomads have traditional rights to graze their flocks on the same fields each year after the harvests. Their sheep and goats eat the wheat stubble on the hillsides. The manure is later plowed under by the landowners whose soil is thus enriched at no direct cost. Villagers, nomads, and their livestock live interdependent lives, each affecting and needing the other.

While in camps near the town, nomads often hire villagers to watch over their flocks permitting them a period for conducting business in the bazaar, singing songs, drinking tea, smoking their water pipes, and perhaps hunting game.

As in other nomadic cultures, the cyclic annual migrations of these *Pushtun* are from lower to higher altitudes following the seasonal climatic patterns. They spend winter in lowland valleys and summer in highland meadows, making an irregular orbit between winter and summer forage producing areas in the northern watershed area of the Hindu Kush mountains.

Socially, the various nomad groups have little to do with Aq Kupruk people. They sell items in the bazaar and purchase grains from shopkeepers. Their migration being annual, many nomads have developed business relationships with shopkeepers and these are continued from year to year. But the sedentary and the nomadic peoples are not close. They depend upon one another commercially but remain independent.



While each human being, whether nomad or Aq Kupruk resident, is free to express the friction which occasionally occurs between the two groups, there is no institutionalized procedure in the Aq Kupruk region—outside the blood feud—for mediating disputes. And none is needed. Blood feuds are avoided by both groups. Each seems to realize that for all the differences, the two groups are symbiotically related. The settled residents of the town and the migratory nomads, their respective herds and animal produce, their social practices and economic functions, are complementary and interdependent.

QUESTIONS TO CONSIDER

1. Why have the *Pushtun* become nomads?

2. What do these nomads do to make a living? How does their means of livelihood reflect their adaptation to environment?

3. How are the nomads and the townspeople of Aq Kupruk interdependent? Why don't the nomads stay in Aq Kupruk? Why don't the farmers become nomads?

THE MASAI

A Masai herdsman drives his cattle across the parched dust of Amboseli in search of anything green.

The Masai people of Kenya, East Africa, represent a different kind of nomad. For at least 200 years they have driven their cattle herds across the Amboseli region, moving from one grazing area to another.

Unlike the nomads of Aq Kupruk, the Masai are not traders. They are semi-nomadic cattle raisers, and they say God gave them the cattle to tend. Their methods of cattle keeping are their own, and different from Western or other African ways. And the arid climate of their territory, the methods they have evolved are harmonious with their surroundings.

The Masai are very knowledgeable about the various kinds of plants in the Amboseli, and how they grow. They drive their cattle from one grazing area to another for two reasons. They want to find good food for the herd and to avoid destroying the vegetation of any one area. This is so it too will provide good grazing on their return trip. They search for the greenest areas where the isolated rain showers typical of the region have fallen. If the greenest areas are too far from drinking water, Masai women ride caravans of donkeys back and forth to bring water to the cattle. Sometimes the herds are split up and allowed to range over a larger area of sparse vegetation. The Masai must

make daily adjustments to minute changes in their environment.

For about the past 20 years, the Amboseli has been gradually dying. In the past the process was blamed on overgrazing by Masai cattle and damage by elephants. Recently scientists have discovered other reasons. One is a high salt content in the soil, caused by greater rainfall than before and a rising water table. In fact, the Amboseli has historically experienced periodic changes. The region is a constantly dynamic ecosystem. The Masai have learned to live with the dynamics. Others—such as Western tourists—have not.

Tourists may pose the greatest danger both to the Amboseli and the Masai. Tourists have turned the Amboseli into a very profitable game park. Some $200,000 in revenue for the region is produced through tourism, though almost none of the money reaches the Masai. Tourists have driven lions and cheetahs away. Safari vehicles driving back and forth over the fragile Amboseli grasses destroy more vegetation than the Masai cattle.

QUESTIONS TC CONSIDER

1. Why are the Masai semi-nomadic?

2. How do the Masai interact with their environment?

3. How do the Masai value their environment?

4. How are the Masai, their cattle, and the Amboseli interdependent?

5. How are culture and environment related? How is health related to culture and environment?

6. How can people affect their geographic environment? Can they make it more healthy? Do they? Can they make it less healthy? Do they?

BALI: MAN AND RICE

I. Gusti Ngurah Ketut Muglong, thirty-five years old, works hard. He is a reserved and direct speaking Balinese. In July 1972 he was elected elder, *klian dinas*, of the village of Wanayu, near Gianjar. Neighbors judged him a good farmer but the honor also imposed responsibilities. He can spare little time from the efforts essential to secure his family's survival.

Muglong's farming activities are scattered. His farm is reached by a difficult path four kilometers from the mud brick-walled courtyard of his village home. He owns 25,000 square feet of irrigated rice field, *sawah*. From this one-half acre he receives an average of 300 kilograms (one kilo equals 2.2 pounds) of white milled rice per crop after harvesters are given their traditional one-sixth share and free meals.

These yields are achieved with *Gadis*, an improved variety of rice. He began planting it several years ago with seed provided by an agricultural agent. *Gadis* can be harvested three to four months after transplanting into the field. The rice seedlings must already have been sprouted a month in a seed bed.

Sufficient water would permit three rice crops annually. But in 1973 a drought affected much of Indonesia, including Bali. Even in normal years Balinese are fortunate when water in their canals permits two rice crops.

Approximately one kilometer from home, the *klian dinas* rents another half acre of rice fields. These are also irrigated by the waters controlled by the Subak cooperative. The landowner insisted that Muglong plant *Bangawan*, a variety of rice introduced here in 1958 from an experiment station in Java. It is almost nonphotosensitive, requiring little sunlight. Thus it can be planted at any time of the year. It ripens in about 165 days.

When the landowner provides the promised fertilizer, Muglong expects to produce another 300 kilos per crop after deducting the harvesters' share. As a tenant, he pays three-fourths of this crop in rent. From the two crops that can be grown in most years, therefore, I. Gusti Ngurah Ketut Muglong expects to earn 150 kilos (about 330 pounds) of rice for his family to consume.

This Bali rice farmer rents another small plot of dry land close to his house. There he grows three yearly crops of white sweet potato, *Katela*. He must deliver half the crop as rent to the landowner.

Sweet potato vines are important feed for Muglong's cow and pig. Bought as a two-month weanling, the fattened pig can be sold when it is full grown. Other farm activities include tending four chickens, ten ducks, seven coconut trees, a few banana plants, and fruit trees.

When farm work and his new responsibilities as village elder allow, he goes out to look for odd jobs near the village or farther away in Gianjar. On lucky days his labor can earn the equivalent of US$.30.

THE FAMILY

Despite constant hard work, the result of this Bali rice farmer's efforts is a skimpy family budget.

Like many farm families here, Muglong and his wife have a large young family. They number seven, counting two sons and three daughters. In age they ranged from one to seven years in 1973.

Their breakfast is usually only bread and locally grown coffee. The two principal meals are eaten at noon and about six o'clock in the evening. The family consumes two kilos of rice daily. An equal quantity of sweet potatoes is also prepared. These meager meals—low in protein, high in carbohydrates—use up all the rice they grow, leaving only enough for seed for the next crop. They also eat most of the sweet potato harvest.

In addition to spiced pickles and small side dishes, the diet occasionally is varied with protein-rich fish and frogs caught in the canals of rice fields.

Vegetables such as taro are collected and cooked. Tropical fruits also supplement the diet. The green jackfruit, *nangka*, can be eaten either as a vegetable, cooked with coconut oil, or as a fruit when ripened.

Their rice intake is far below the Balinese goal. It is, however, above the island average.

His growing family is I. Gusti Ngurah Ketut Muglong's most immediate problem. They need more food, more everything.

The mother tried family planning but she has become pregnant again. Misunderstanding, embarrassment, and contradictory motives are among the reasons she discontinued family planning.

Cash is always in short supply. So much must be paid for besides clothing, medicine, school supplies, and temple contributions. There are annual land taxes plus a contribution to maintain the cooperative's irrigation canals. Rental of the sprayer is costly and the farmer must pay for the insecticides. Fertilizers are also expensive. The yellowing leaves of young rice plants in many fields are grim reminders of deficiencies.

"Every year I find myself more in debt," Muglong explains. At present he owes friends. He is obligated to pay 5 per cent interest per month. Neither food nor money nor rest from work are plentiful for this farmer or his neighbors in Bali.

RURAL PERCEPTIONS OF BALI'S FUTURE

Most Balinese farmers agree that their island has far too many people and insufficient land. What they do not share is agreement on a solution.

There is evidence that the problem of overpopulation, for example, is becoming a subject of popular discussion among farmers. And these Hindu Balinese must surmount far fewer hurdles than Moslems in accepting family planning services.

Whereas farmers once hoped for many sons and few daughters, now their desires are reversed. They explain that because of the small rice fields cultivated by most families it is no longer good anymore to divide the fields among many sons. "Daughters will marry out," one farmer said, "and

Terraced rice fields with banana trees in foreground.

then if we are sick or need money or help we can depend on their husbands." While admitting that family planning is necessary for Bali, some farmers acknowledge they are "ashamed" to cooperate. Children still give status.

Balinese farmers talk about other places where they could find fields. Bali is surrounded by other islands, some with little population. Many farmers are waiting eagerly to learn how pioneer migrants make out in sparsely populated islands before deciding whether to migrate. Eventually, many will probably leave Bali and go elsewhere in Indonesia.

Each year, hundreds of young Indonesian males leave rural villages to serve in the Armed Forces. Their return home is often temporary. Having enlarged their horizons travel has alerted them to attractive opportunities elsewhere.

The Bali population is expected to double before 1999. Any solution to food and employment problems must be accomplished chiefly in the countryside. An economic solution being sought primarily through tourism may prove a tragic mirage and doom this unique civilization. Masses of tourists—who do little to improve the lives of rural inhabitants—already generate resentment among Balinese. Or the tourists may not come in sufficient numbers to support even the small urban economy.

Rice farms in Bali are small by European or North American standards. But the transformation of Balinese attitudes and the use of manpower and resources in the rational way usually associated with industrialization may achieve "a good life" for the island's inhabitants. Humans do not need to be displaced from their familiar rural setting and sent to cities to learn new skills. This might be the most consequential lesson of the "green revolution" of the tropics.

In Bali nature affords a modified greenhouse setting. It can be almost as productive as the artificial ones created under glass in the temperate zones. If this opportunity can be realized and utilized, the emerging human prospects can look forward to healthier relationships between man and the environment.

QUESTIONS

1. In 1999, I. Gusti Ngurah Ketut Muglong could be sixty-one years old. What will his life be like then?

2. Why do Hindu Balinese face "far fewer hurdles than Moslems in accepting family planning services"?

3. How are culture and environment related? How is health related to culture and environment?

4. What effects would you expect on culture and health resulting from each of the following elements of geography: altitude, terrain, soil, vegetation, relation to the ocean, and sub-surface features?

5. How can people affect their geographic environment? Can they make it more healthy? Do they? Can they make it less healthy? Do they?

READING: CULTURAL CHANGE

Cultures change. Sometimes this occurs rapidly, sometimes gradually over time. Change can be planned, or it can occur without planning. But what does it mean to say a culture has changed? Can you think of examples of how your culture has changed?

It is as difficult to see cultural change as it is to see culture. But there are indicators. In other words, you have seen that aspects of culture can be identified: the social structure, the personalities present, the ritual used, the ways language expresses the culture, the geography of the culture and the values and attitudes of members of the culture. Aspects can be identified, but culture itself cannot be physically observed. By the same token, changes in geography, social structure or ritual can be observed. These indicate changes in culture. Yet the actually changing culture cannot be physically observed.

Three readings follow this introduction. Each provides an example of cultural change in progress. Some of this change has been planned. Some has not. When planning occurs, it often happens that unanticipated consequences develop anyway. Attempting to change one aspect of a culture very often leads to unplanned changes in the other aspects. Look for examples of this in the reading you select. Also look for ways in which the introduction of different technology affects culture, causing it to change. Finally, see if you can identify the changes that have occured in the culture. What was it like, and what is it like now?

BALI

Expanding Population and Shrinking Resources

"This is the world's morning, its last paradise," exclaimed a distinguished visitor to Bali in 1950. Like most European observers, this tourist may have overlooked quite a few things. He fixed his eyes on Bali's natural beauties and its magically preserved, fourteenth-century Javanese Hindu civilization. He admired Bali's graceful people who transform daily routine into occasions for flower offerings, and whose music, dancing, carving, painting, and weaving make of village life a fine art. He gazed at Bali's delicately terraced rice fields, fringed with palms and patrolled by great white cranes. He viewed Bali's majestic volcano cones, serene lakes and sparkling streams which meet the sea on glistening white sand beaches.

Volcanoes lie beneath Bali's surface of tropical abundance and tranquility. These are the volcanoes, described by geologists, ruptures in the earth surface sometimes oozing with lava. There is another kind of volcano: *people*. This small island has reached a crisis point in the relationship of human beings to the land.

"I am a poor man. I work hard. I own no land. I eat much corn and sweet potato. I prefer rice. I think this is not as it should be," says a Balinese farmer.

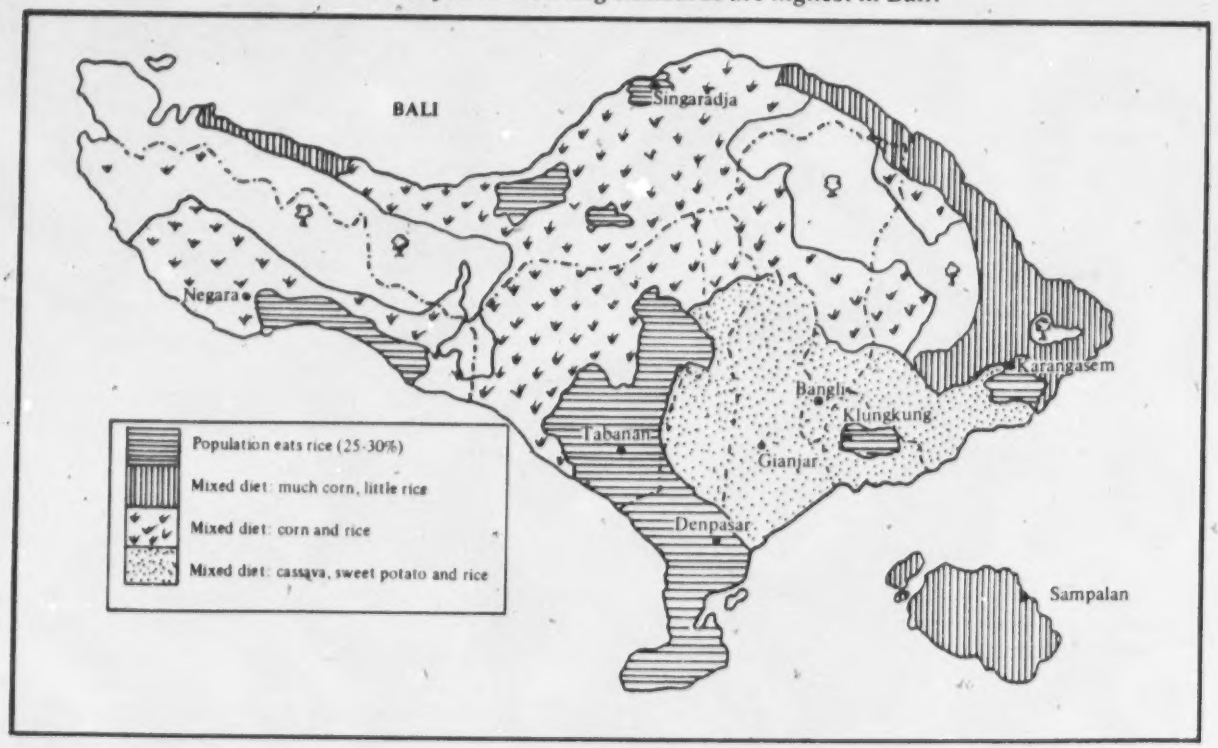
Ordinary farmers, while appearing healthy, happy, and contented, are likely to express dissatisfaction with their condition early in any conversation with a visitor. They see more and more people competing over progressively less land. Balinese life as they know and love it, is in jeopardy.

Bali's 1972 population was an estimated 2.2 million. Given the present level of development, the island can support only one million inhabitants comfortably. The population is increasing at a rate of approximately 2.7 per cent every year. There were an additional 59,400 Balinese in 1973, 61,003 more in 1974, and there will be 62,650 more in 1975. Every year there is less land per person, less work for more and more people, and less rice to eat.

Balinese like to remember the past. Precolonial times were a "rice-eating golden age." But already in the relatively prosperous colonial days before 1940, most Balinese were stretching their rice supply by mixing in corn, cassava, or sweet potato.

Only the urban populations of Denpasar and Singaradja, and farmers at the heart of Bandung and Tabanang rice-growing areas now eat rice as a

Where do you think living standards are highest in Bali?



major food. The mountain people of Karangasem, Buleleng, and Djembrana treat rice as a luxury. It would require at least double the current production to feed the present population if everyone shifted from corn, cassava, and sweet potatoes to good, tasty, prestigious rice.

The precarious nature of Bali's rice supply has been tragically demonstrated in the past decade. In 1962 the island suffered a plague of rats. The vermin damaged crops in the fields and rice in storage. Only an extensive and costly extermination campaign halted the plague. Then, in 1963 the sacred Mount Agung volcano erupted. Death, destruction, desolation, and then famine spread over the island's best and most densely populated ricelands. In 1966 Communists and those suspected of being Communists were massacred. Many were merely simple farmers attracted by promises of land. The catastrophe seriously affected rice planting and harvesting.

Indonesia, under General Suharto's leadership, has begun a vigorous program of agricultural rehabilitation on Bali. But even the most optimistic observers place Bali's self-sufficiency in rice in the far distant future.

The master-scheme for new agricultural development in Indonesia is BIMAS: Bimbingan Masjarakat, or "People's Leadership." BIMAS' objective is to achieve a green revolution through modernization of rice-farming techniques. This means the use of high-yield seeds, chemical fertilizers and pesticides, modern equipment, and scientific methods applied to farming.

Bali's government has experienced three perplexing problems with the BIMAS program. First, it is difficult to persuade farmers to participate without evidence of prior success. Second, BIMAS has not always been able to meet its commitments—provision of seed, fertilizer, pesticides, and tools. Third, success of the project depends on cooperation among individual farmers, BIMAS personnel, the Ministry of Agriculture, and the chiefs of the powerful rice-growing guilds, *subaks*. Cooperation and coordination exist, but they are imperfect.

A *subak* consists of twenty to one hundred families who live and work within a clearly defined irrigation complex. Members of the *subak*, led by an elected chief, *klian subak*, and his council of elders, determine how the precious land and water

are to be used. *Subak* leaders have jurisdiction over the irrigation system and responsibility for the *subak* temple. There, members of the *subak* perform religious rituals. Ceremonies relating to rice planting, tending, and harvesting are of major importance.

There is evidence that many farmers now have a positive attitude toward the BIMAS program. Persuasion is no longer a major hurdle. On the other hand, consumers are not convinced that BIMAS varieties of rice taste good.

Balinese are accustomed to cooking rice only once a day. They eat whenever hungry. BIMAS introduced a type of rice that has high yield in a short period. Farmers can raise at least two, sometimes three crops annually. The new rice, however, has a special disadvantage. It turns gritty and chalky when cold.

Experts insist that newer rice strains will have improved texture and flavor. The best that can be said today is that BIMAS rice is accepted as better than none. One must wonder how happy the people will be when and if the island produces large quantities of what may be regarded as inferior rice.

Transformation of agriculture must account for traditional patterns of land ownership and operation. Most Balinese farmers are peasants. They hand-cultivate plots of two acres or less. This acreage is further divided into small plots of wet and dry land scattered over the whole village area. Land ownership is restricted by law to about 17 acres of wet or 20 acres of dry land. About one-fourth of the land is farmed by tenants.

There is no new land on Bali to open for cultivation. On the contrary, forest reserves are scheduled for expansion in an attempt to increase the island's water supply.

Farm labor is and always has been intensive hand labor. Sometimes farmers use cattle or water buffalo (carabao) for plowing. But since Bali already has a surplus of human labor, there are no plans to introduce more mechanization into the fields. The government has made about 150 mechanical rice huskers available. These have not noticeably affected "industrial" employment.

Where are the highest and lowest fields on Bali?

THE FUTURE

Given present rice production and prospects, what can be done to enable today's 2.2 million Balinese to remain healthy and content as they increase to 2.8 million Balinese by 1981? The 2,095 square mile land area remains constant. At the same time more farm and more forest area are needed. What should be done?

Bali is educating its youth well beyond the level at which it can provide them with employment. Improving medical facilities are assuring that an increasing number survive infancy and live to old age. Government leaders are placing desperate faith in the development of something called "cultural tourism." They hope to achieve a new base for social, economic, and political stability. The world energy crisis, however, may severely inhibit international tourism. How Bali's authorities will compensate for fewer than the expected number of tourists is a problem for tomorrow.

Bali seems to have a special gift for graceful survival. Compared to much of Indonesia, Bali seems less scarred by recent catastrophes, more confident of its own abilities.

The Balinese have developed a new elite, including most provincial officials. They have set themselves to the task of modernization. The island itself is of manageable size and its problems of a comprehensible order. The authority and prestige of the present national and local administration are well established. Communications are well developed and the population is homogenous, industrious, and adaptable.

Balinese have long been inspired by a sense of being close to nature and the gods. They have taken joy in labor and worship under both secular and religious rulers of exceptional capability. There is hope that Bali's future will not betray its past.

The "green revolution" made possible by agricultural scientists may make it possible to feed Asia's growing one-half of humanity. Does the "green revolution" also require displacing peasants from the land and pushing them into the cities?

If the answer is "yes," then the outlook is grim. A walk through the slums of Bangkok, Djakarta, Kuala Lumpur, Phnom Penh, Manila, Saigon, or even Singapore should convince most who care about individual dignity that urban poverty is not the life for which man was intended.

The pace of post-World War II urbanization in Asia has been phenomenal. Manila has expanded from the 750,000 inhabitants when the Imperial Japanese Army entered late in December 1941 to about 4,500,000. In 30 years the population of Djakarta has grown from 600,000 to nearly 5,000,000. Figure the rates and then project them into the future. Can it go on?

Flocking to the cities—especially by abler workers and the young who leave dependents behind in villages—is a pattern throughout most of Southeast Asia. Colonial administrators, with full political authority, were unable to cope satisfactorily with the then relatively modest demands of Asian urbanization. Is it any wonder now that politically vulnerable leaders of independent states may prove unequal to managing these cities, with their ever increasing demands for water, food, housing, protection, health services, sewage disposal, roads and schools?

Foremost is the question: Where will all the newcomers find jobs?

Looking ahead, the prospect is a deepening crisis. Consider the Philippine experience. It is typical of what is happening in the region. The 1960 census found 14 per cent of the islands' 27 million people living in 31 cities. When the 1970 census was conducted, 20 per cent of the 38 million residents lived in 57 cities. The urbanized sector now totals one-third of all Filipinos.

Projections by specialists working for the United Nations indicate that by the year 2000, Greater Manila and its adjoining suburbs will hold at least 12 million inhabitants. Should the present 3.4 per cent annual rate of growth continue and the move to the main metropolis not be checked, then their estimate is an urban complex holding 18 million Manilans. Population growth creates opportunities but it also creates problems.

Equally critical is the growing pattern of unemployment. Between 1962 and 1972 the number of unemployed Filipinos increased from 7 to 9 per cent of a labor force consisting of two-thirds of the population over ten years of age. In the cities, unemployment and underemployment are even greater.

Unemployment is both a reality and a perception. Urban unemployment statistics, for example, reflect the increasing expectations of urban job-seekers. In Manila, and probably other Southeast Asian cities, young men and women in the city either have a job or perceive that the opportunity exists for them to find one. The exceptions are among the very wealthy who are a small fraction of the population. Some of the elite may not even seek employment, but many of them have had better than average educational opportunities which allow them to obtain the better-paying jobs.

In rural areas the perception of what constitutes employment is different. Here subsistence farming and fishing occupy the time and provide the livelihood for most people. Distinctions between "employed" and "unemployed" are less clearcut than in the cities. A farmer may consider himself employed, even though he works little during a dry season, perhaps one-third of the year. Likewise, the fisherman who keeps to port during the monsoon may not perceive himself to be unemployed. What is clear, however, is that growing numbers of people seem not to be employed for even a portion of their time in both urban and rural areas of the Philippines.

THE INDUSTRIAL SOLUTION

Industrialization is the proposed solution for unemployment. It is seen as a "cure" by most politicians, many government planners, foreign advisors, and impatient intellectuals. But at best, industrialization offers only a partial answer at this stage of development in the Philippines. Creating one job in light industry can require more than US$7,500. And these costs continue to rise. Where capital is short, industrialization is difficult. The problem is not just a matter of getting capital in

large amounts. Where are the industrial products to be sold? Exporting requires all sorts of complicated arrangements. And since World War II, Japan, Taiwan, South Korea, and Hong Kong have had a head start in the Southeast Asian market.

AGRICULTURE'S POTENTIAL

It is too early to determine the full impact of the "green revolution" upon farm employment, even in wetland rice-growing Southeast Asia. The greatest concentrations of rural population have yet to discover whether the "green revolution" is going to permit survival.

High-yielding rice is essential to the new technology. Development and testing of these seeds are only a few years old. The International Rice Research Institute southeast of Manila is one Asian agricultural research center where testing is done on new varieties of rice. But the behavior of a new plant type is never fully predictable. Neither are its cultivation requirements, which affect labor demand. In brief, new seeds are experiments. Fortunes and lives are at stake.

Nevertheless, some major implications that result from using rice and technology are already evident. Examination of a particular case—Cavite Province—is illustrative. (You may also like to read *Delfin Incarnacion, A Cavite Farmer*).

THE CASE OF CAVITE PROVINCE

Cavite extends along the southeast shore of Manila Bay from the suburbs that girdle Greater Manila on the south to the mouth of the Bay, including Corregidor. Backlands of the province rise to 2,250 feet on the crest of the huge crater that holds Taal Lake and a small active volcano. Governmental jurisdiction below the provincial level is managed through 17 municipalities and three cities, Kawit, Imus, and Cavite City. Until late 1971, Cavite also included the American military base at Sangley Point which, with its air base on the tip of the Cavite peninsula, served as headquarters for the Commander, United States Naval Forces Philippines. This base was turned over to the Philippine government at its request, although local officials and residents demonstrated for the Americans to stay. The base was important to their employment and revenue. The American-Philippine association had been a long one, extending since 1898. Then the Americans had defeated Spain and taken control of the 7,100 Philippine Islands and other former Spanish territories. On July 4, 1946 the Philippines gained independence but relations with the United States remained close.

Cavite is one of the older, mostly Tagalog-speaking provinces. When the American administration conducted its first census in 1903 the population numbered 134,779. By 1970 the province counted 519,040 inhabitants, divided more or less equally between rural and urban residents. Many who live in Cavite work in Greater Manila.

Urbanization might have progressed faster, except for Cavite's reputation as a domain of smugglers and gangs always engaged in feuds. Actually, most of the province's peace-and-order problems are created by unemployed young men: over 50 per cent of the population is nineteen years old or younger.

The 1970 census reveals part of the difficulty. Among the 369,414 residents of Cavite ten years of age and over, 140,836 said they were employed and 22,928 identified themselves as economically active though presently unemployed. Housekeepers numbered 108,127, including 21,665 aged ten to nineteen, generally girls helping at home. Another 22,646 were students. Of 83,620 reported economically inactive with no identified occupation, only 8,344 were over 65 years of age and therefore considered as retired. Where youth is predominant, so is unemployment. Or so it seems in Cavite Province.

Kawit's proximity to Cavite City makes urbanites of most of its inhabitants. In Imus, there is a rural majority. Partly, this reflects the difference in land area of two municipalities—Imus is about five times the size but has less than half as many people as Kawit. Cavite City and Imus have the largest number of "foreigners." There are 35-40 long-time resident Chinese nationals traditionally engaged in trade and rice milling. Some 150 Americans there are of Filipino ancestry but acquired their citizenship through service in the United States Navy. They and others have chosen this area for retirement.

The predominantly rural character of Imus is shown in statistics on education. The 1960 census indicated that one-third of the Imus population had never completed a single grade in school. Another one-third had studied one to five years in

school. The remainder had completed elementary school. Of the total population, one-tenth had graduated from high school or college. People in the community believe there has been a significant increase in the number attending school.

The lack of education among certain age groups is easily explained. Most schools were closed during the Japanese occupation of World War II. Thus a generation which remained in school in Japan and America, did not in Southeast Asia. And when populations are compared, such facts must be noted. Schooling, here and in many other areas, was a pre- and post-World War II experience. During the war years, education, expectations, and lives were disrupted.

While the Imus population is predominantly Roman Catholic, about one-tenth are Protestant and include members of the Philippine Independent Church and Iglesia Ni Kristo.

EMPLOYMENT ON THE LAND

More than 60 pumps now are raising water for irrigation in the area around Imus. This compares with the one diesel powered pump of 1965. For the municipality of Imus the total number of pumps is several times as large and more are being installed every week. About 20 to 25 per cent of the land devoted to rice paddies has or soon will have such irrigation. Once farmers saw the results achieved by the new technology, a surprising number discovered means to mobilize capital for pumps. Some borrowed from city relatives or managed to get the landowners to help finance the installation. Equipment dealers are beginning to show interest in advancing credit. The national government's Irrigation Service Unit is beginning to give attention to Cavite. They can provide technical advice and some equipment to be paid for on installment.

Delfin Incarnacion (described in a *Perspective* of the same name) and other farmers who have pumps are concerned that as more pumps operate the water table may be lowered. This danger has not yet, however, prompted action to restore and modernize the old Spanish gravity irrigation system. When properly managed it could minimize this hazard.

A difficulty in Imus, as elsewhere in the Philippines, is lack of adequate water rights laws and enforceable provisions for public financing of construction of water storage, canals and operation and maintenance of such systems. The "green revolution" has its problems.

Conflicts over who is the rightful tenant of a field are frequent and will multiply as the value of leasehold is more widely appreciated. In other provinces some landowners have sought to take back management of their fields and cultivate them with hired labor. Awareness of the moneymaking prospects of the new technology creates interest among landowners.

IMPLICATIONS OF THE GREEN REVOLUTION

Enterprising farmers can be found scattered throughout most Philippine provinces where wetland rice is a major crop. Numerically, they still compose a small minority of all farmers, both among the numerous tenants and fewer owner-operators. However, considering the pace of change within the past four years, the advances are already remarkable. It is premature to speculate upon how soon most Filipino farmers will adopt the new technology.

This row of old buildings, facing the main market area and backing onto a river or canal, is typical of Chinese urban architecture in Indonesia.

Djakarta's business section, 1959.

DJAKARTA, THE "GLORIOUS CITY"

"The Republic of Indonesia is made up of 3,000 islands stretching 3,000 miles along the equator in the Southwest Pacific. It is populated by 85 million brown-skinned people, the great majority of them peasants, some of them the scions of sultans, radjas and regents, a very few of them naked primitives. Not all of the Indonesians are as handsome, artistically gifted, and serene as the Balinese, but they are notably healthy and happy as compared, say, with the peasants of India. Not all of the Indonesians are as tightly packed in between their terraced rice fields as the 55 million Javanese who achieve one of the world's highest population densities. But the annual population increase indicates that Indonesia's millions will continue to increase and require huge new development projects.

"The Republic of Indonesia is a racial, cultural, religious, economic, and political melange. It is the result of pre- and proto-historic wanderings of primitive tribes. Malays and other peoples from the Asian mainland; of two millennia of immigration and of economic and cultural penetration by Hindus, Buddhists, Muslims, and Chinese; of three and a half centuries of European colonization; of half a century of Asian nationalistic awakening; and of a climacteric twelve years of war, revolution, and independence. Into this latter period have been crowded Japanese conquest and occupation, sudden emancipation, British-Dutch reoccupation, revolutionary warfare, international negotiation, colonial capitulation, intoxication with the joys of independence, and now disillusionment with its fruits.

"The Republic of Indonesia is Southeast Asia's biggest, its most populous, potentially its most wealthy nation." Indonesia is "anti-imperialist, anticolonialist, and anticapitalist." It is "new, underdeveloped, ill organized," and "wretchedly administered." Its aspirations are, or were once, of the "welfare" state type.

Indonesia's leaders have been "few and bitterly divided." A "middle class is just beginning to emerge" and its masses are only recently "awakening." "Rich in natural and human resources," Indonesia is "groping in its new role as a new international force."

Unique and breathtakingly beautiful, Indonesia is also unpredictable. The people are noteworthy

for "good looks, good humor, and good sense." But Indonesia has gotten itself into "about as bad a fix" as any nation can.

Willard Hanna wrote these words twelve years after Indonesia achieved independent statehood under the leadership of Achmed Sukarno, President of the Republic of Indonesia from 1945 to 1967. Dr. Hanna's observations seem as valid today as they were when they were written in June 1957.

Since 1957 the chaotic Sukarno regime has been toppled and replaced by a more disciplined military government. Oil has been added to the list of export products and rivals traditional tropical raw materials in importance. And as this is being written in 1974, students are again rioting in the streets of Djakarta. Inflation has continued. Apparently the "masses" once awakened do not wish to return to the passive role they played in colonial times. Indonesians remain desperately poor by developed nation standards. Yet Indonesia's resources are great. Its most significant resource might come to be the remarkably resilient Indonesian people. Those who have the ability to survive in Djakarta merit particular attention.

Despite its vastness and the diversity of its peoples, Indonesia's fortunes have been reflected in the history of Djakarta, its capital city.

Djakarta was founded on June 22, 1527 A.D., according to Indonesian historians. An early Indonesian hero, known variously as Faletehan, Fatahillah or Sunan Gunung Djati, "Sultan of the Teakwood Mountain," called the site *Djajakarta*, which means "Glorious City." The name *Djajakarta* was quickly and permanently slurred by the inhabitants to *Djakarta*. Later the Dutch colonized Indonesia and called the colony *Batavia*, making it their capitol. When Indonesia became independent, the city was renamed Djakarta.

Djakarta today, no less than in the past, is a city of contradictions. It is neither really young nor really old. It is neither modern nor medieval, neither typically Eastern nor Western, not stolidly virtuous or thoroughly decadent. Thirty years after independence, Djakarta had neither freed itself totally from a colonialist sort of regimentation nor freed the rest of the country from its own domination.

WORLD WAR II

The Dutch cloak of "enlightened colonialism" was virtually unchallenged in Indonesia until the outbreak of World War II. Then it was revealed to have been another example of the "Emperor's new clothes." Long-suppressed anti-Dutch sentiment erupted. Between 1945 and 1950, Djakarta was a focal point of two rival governments, Japanese and Indonesian. In fact, anarchy prevailed. Djakarta had become the flotsam of a derelict empire. It was a grim, congested, unbeautiful city. Bitter, ruined Dutchmen mourned the demise of empire, and impoverished, determined Indonesians awaited the moment of liberation.

Liberation arrived December 28, 1949, when President Sukarno flew in to take up residence in Liberty Palace (*Istana Merdeka*). An Indonesian bureaucracy moved into Djakarta's administrative offices. Djakarta became the capital of Southeast Asia's newest and biggest nation.

DJAKARTA TODAY

Pak Dikin—his full title is Bapak Gubernur Major Dhenderal Ali Sadikin, Governor and Mayor of the Special Capital City Region of Djakarta—undertook an enormous task. He attempted to repair the damage done by Sukarno, the disgraced Indonesian nationalist leader and first President of the Republic. Bung Karno had dazzled the masses with spectacles, speeches, and monuments. Yet he failed to provide Djakarta's millions with housing, jobs, electricity, water, transportation, or the various other necessities and amenities.

Is it likely that knowledgeable, well-intentioned persons can compensate for years of neglect? Can Pak Dikin's industrious city government give substance to Sukarno's dream of making Djakarta a beacon lighting all of Afro-Asia toward a glorious future? What are the facts?

As the 1970s began, more than 80 per cent of Djakarta's population lived in hot, noisy, congested, and unsanitary slums. Only 12.5 per cent of the 600,000 over-packed houses had city water or electricity. There were only 26,000 telephones. Much of the urban area was subject to serious seasonal flooding. Only one-third of the paved thoroughfares could be kept in reasonably good repair.

In 1969 a mere 180 city buses provided public transportation. The private cabs and cars of a privileged elite contributed little to general transportation needs.

The population of more than five million people is increasing about 4 per cent per year. There is a 2 per cent natural increase plus a 2 per cent influx from rural areas. Employment opportunities are dangerously inadequate. Schools can accommodate about half of the present number of applicants. There is only one hospital bed for every 1,000 persons.

Djakarta's wage-salary scale is by far the lowest of Southeast Asia: the minimum wage in the City Hall itself in 1969 was 400 rupiahs per month, about US$1.05. Thus the incentive to work is not pay but privilege. In City Hall, for example, employees receive rations of rice and textiles plus extras such as housing and transportation in direct proportion to rank. Even with these subsidies, no city employee can conceivably support a family on a single wage or salary. The "extras" still give an advantage to public employees over the mass of the working public.

Mayor Pak Dikin has proceeded on two fronts. First, he has attempted to curtail the arbitrary interference of the military in civilian affairs. Second, he is streamlining the bureaucracy, by discharging hundreds who were incompetent or whose functions were redundant. It was impossible to cull more than the most flagrant cases in this way, however, for the dismissed workers could find no other jobs.

EXPERIMENTS AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS

A shortage of money has been Pak Dikin's most serious obstacle in developing new programs and procedures. For his pet projects—such as the repair of roads and construction of schools—he has licensed, then heavily taxed, gambling. His critics, of whom some are pious Muslims, fear an undermining of the city's morals. He replies that the money is not dirty but "hot" and best recaptured for public use.

Nighttime Djakarta also offers the newest rage for the younger generation. Here the junior elite gather to learn the latest fads in dress and to consume new culinary specialties. Favorites have included porkless hot dogs and charcoal toasted sandwiches with filling of canned corned beef, processed cheese, and chocolate chips, any one, two, or three.

Pak Dikin believes that Djakarta's population should be allowed its diversions. He therefore provides scarce electricity for colored lights on the city's major street. He occasionally stages street carnivals. And when the music is at its peak, as loud as those born close to the heat and the beat of the tropics can make it, Pak Dikin is often there in the middle, singing and dancing with Indonesians of every age.

Carnivals and legalized gambling are morale-building extras. Pak Dikin seeks to demonstrate his concern for the provision of services to a responsible citizenry.

One of his most successful efforts has been in public transport. Not only do buses follow fixed, scheduled, routes around the city but the government provides also for their regular maintenance. The city government also makes sure that conductors collect no less—and no more—than the Rp. 10 fare.

This revolution in public transportation is equaled by improvements in the public markets. Pak Dikin and aides pay unannounced visits to ensure sanitary provisions and clear thoroughfares.

For solutions to the serious problems of shortages of electricity and water, the new city administration is dependent on the central government of Indonesia. The latter has not yet come to grips with post-Sukarno reality. Hence, electricity and water remain in short supply.

Both city and central governments must deal directly and immediately with the problem of urban housing. In Djakarta alone, thousands of new housing units are needed just to keep pace with population increase. It is also essential to rebuild most houses. Easily 80 per cent are so far below standard as to constitute health and safety hazards.

Djakarta's problem of urban renewal makes that of almost any other city in the world look easy. Calcutta, India, is perhaps an exception. Djakartans look with envy on the apartments in nearby modern Singapore. Their solution, as Singaporeans

have learned, depends not only on government action in providing the housing but also in achieving a rational economy in which a tenant can earn enough to pay the rent.

Without strong action by the central government, Pak Dikin can only minimally affect the twin problems of industrialization and unemployment—more properly, *under*employment. The city, like the nation, has only the barest beginnings of a modern economic infrastructure. Such plants as exist are poorly built, badly managed and operated. They are chronically short of skilled personnel, raw materials, and replacement parts.

Djakarta factories were operating in 1969 at no more than about 25 per cent of capacity. Unfortunately, for Indonesians, foreign investors tend to be more interested in the big, quick profits to be made from the exploitation of raw materials for export than in the slow, risky business of manufacturing for the big, poor, local market.

In the field of education Pak Dikin has made his greatest impression. He has introduced such expedients as multiple shifts and temporary quarters to accommodate the applicants for whom there were no places. Construction of new schools is technically the responsibility of the central government. But the need in Djakarta is so acute that the Mayor has allocated a large portion of special funds for that purpose. In his first two years in office, Pak Dikin built over one hundred elementary and about fifty secondary schools, each for some 1,000 students. He regularly steps up the pace. In all probability, however, it will not be possible to keep up with demand.

Part of Djakarta's, and indeed Indonesia's, new sobriety is a more positive attitude toward family planning. These pictures are from a flip chart used by fieldworkers.

DJAKARTA IN THE FUTURE

Djakarta will not soon win any urban beauty contests. The spread of squalor and decay so apparent in the late 50s and the early 60s has at least been arrested. At its best, however, Djakarta has a long way to go to live down its long-standing reputation as the "pest-hole of the Pacific."

The Dutch called Batavia the "pearl of the East" boasting of its refined architecture and gracious living. If this was true in the eighteenth century, it was certainly not by the nineteenth. Observers less emotionally linked to Batavia included some late nineteenth century literary Englishmen. They noted the "poisonous miasmas and effluvia" which pervaded the city from its filth-filled canals and nearby marshes. Partly as a hoax, they revived the local legend of the poisonous *upas* tree. The tree's vapors, according to legend, created a stricken region where no man, beast, or bird could long survive. The region, these Englishmen suggested, was not far at all from Batavia-Djakarta.

Pak Dikin is optimistic that he has a formula to blow away the poison vapors. As mayor of Djakarta, he is in a position to experiment—and does.

READING: ANALYZING CULTURES

So far in this unit you have been considering several aspects of culture, and ways in which one can perceive other cultures. For the next few weeks you and other students in your group will be taking a close and analytical look at a specific culture or a few cultures. Your attitudes will affect what you see. Your knowledge of how environment and culture interact, how geography influences culture, how language transmits and molds culture, and how any number of other factors influence culture will be useful to you as you examine other cultures. What cultures will you study? This is, in part, your own choice. The section entitled "Cultures" in this reading describes four possibilities. When you have decided which sounds most interesting for you, and the rest of the class has done the same, groups will be formed to study each of the four possibilities. You may not get to study your first choice if there is a large imbalance of selections, so you should also decide what your second choice will be.

What will you do in this study? You and other members of your group will receive a set of materials and ten questions sets. Generally speaking, the task is to answer the questions in each set as they apply to the culture or cultures your group is examining. To do this you will need the materials you have been given. You may also need to seek additional information in the library or from someone who is familiar with the culture. You can divide the work as your group sees fit; it is not necessary for everyone in your group to examine all available material. When your group has completed the task, you will be asked to report on the results of the study to the rest of the class. Although the question sets should serve as a focal point for this report, the final form of the report should be determined by your groups.

Cultures

1. Aq Kupruk: Aq Kupruk is a small town in northern Afghanistan. The town is at least 16,000 years old and is rich with history. The people are Muslims and much of their history is known only through oral tradition. The town has long been a meeting place for goods from many sources, and is a caravan stop.

2. Africa: The information presented in this set of materials is about people who live in different parts of the African continent--people who have a variety of cultures, yet who have some important things in common. The group that studies these materials will explore similarities and differences among several cultures.

3. Southeast Asia: This set of materials contains information about people in a variety of cultures who nevertheless have certain things in common. Like those who study "Africa," the group that studies "Southeast Asia" will be looking for similarities and differences among several cultures.

4. Urbanization: This set of materials is about people who live in cities in many parts of the world, including cities in Africa and Southeast Asia. The group that studies "Urbanization" will be concentrating on the things that all people who live in cities have in common.

Using Question Sets:

All groups will receive the same series of ten question sets. However, the groups will not all have exactly the same tasks to perform, because they will not all be studying the same kind of information. Below are descriptions of three different sets of tasks: one set for the group that is studying a single culture ("Aq Kupruk"), one set for the groups that are studying several cultures ("Africa" or "Southeast Asia") and one set for the group that is studying cities in several cultures ("Urbanization").

"Aq Kupruk": If you are studying "Aq Kupruk" you will be trying to learn as much as you can about a group of people who share many traditional ideas, values and ways of doing things, who live in the same environment, and who are always in the process of passing their shared body of tradition on to the next generation. You will have the following tasks.

1. Describe the things the people of this culture have in common (that is, their shared traditions) and the things they do not have in common (that is, the ways in which individuals and groups differ from one another in this culture).

2. Describe the relationships among the people themselves, their culture (i.e., their shared traditions) and their shared environment. (One very useful way to think about any culture is to remember that it is the sum of all the ways in which a group of people seek to get along in their environment. In the process of "getting along," changes in the environment often cause changes in the culture, and changes in the culture often cause changes in the environment.)

3. Describe the ways in which different parts of the culture are related to one another. (People who share a culture share ways of doing many different kinds of things. There may be any number of interesting relationships among these different "ways": the way people allocate responsibility may affect the way they distribute resources; the way they relate to the supernatural world may affect the way they raise their children; the way they raise their children may affect the way they allocate responsibility; and so on.)

"Africa" or "Southeast Asia": If you are studying either "Africa" or "Southeast Asia," you will not be trying to learn as much as you can about a single culture. Rather, you will be trying to learn as much as you can about the relationships among several cultures. You will have the following tasks.

1. Describe the ways in which these cultures are similar and the ways in which they are different. (The ten question sets suggest ten ways in which you can compare the cultures.)

2. Describe why these cultures are similar in the ways they are similar, and why they are different in the ways they are different. This task calls for speculation. Speculation does not lead directly to knowledge, but it does lead to hypotheses, which can later be tested to produce knowledge. Your task here will be to generate hypotheses.)

3. Form generalizations about the whole area whose cultures you have studied--i.e., either generalizations about Africa or generalizations about Southeast Asia. (How does this part of the earth affect people and their ways of living? How have people affected this part of the earth?)

"Urbanization": If you are studying "Urbanization," you will not be studying a single culture, nor will you be comparing and contrasting several cultures. Rather, you will be investigating several examples of one way of living which has emerged independently in cities all over the world and which has been in existence for thousands of years. The city--any city--is a culture within a culture; its inhabitants have their own shared ways of thinking and doing things. In studying this "culture within a culture," you will have the following tasks.

1. Describe the ways in which the cities you study are similar and the ways in which they are different. (Again, the question sets suggest things about cities that you can compare and contrast.)

2. Describe the ways in which people in the cities you study are similar to people in other parts of the same cultures, and the ways in which people in those cities are different from people in other parts of those cultures.

3. Form generalizations about the ways in which larger cultures impose their traditional ways of thinking and doing on the cities within them, and generalizations about the ways in which cities insist on "going their own way" as cities, developing their own, urban ways of thinking and doing which are common to all of the cities you have studied.

QUESTION SETS FOR ANALYZING CULTURES

Question Set One: Culture and Environment:

How has the environment affected the culture of the people you are studying? How have climate and landforms affected settlement patterns, population density (number of persons per unit area) and housing arrangements? How have climate and the native plant and animal life affected the people's diet and their ways of getting food? How have energy supplies and other natural resources affected

the kinds of work the people do?

How has the culture of the people you are studying affected the environment? How have the people's ways of doing things affected landforms? The quantity and quality of water available? The quality of the air? The plant life? The animal life? What things have the people destroyed or removed from their environment? What things have they created or imported to their environment?

What would happen to the culture of the people you are studying if the environment changed radically? What would the people do if the prevailing temperatures or the prevailing amounts of available moisture changed radically? If many of the plants in the environment died from drought or disease? If many of the animals in the environment died from drought or disease? If such environmental changes have happened recently or are happening now, how have they affected the people and their ways of doing things?

Question Set Two: Life Support and Division of Labor:

How do the people you are studying obtain nourishment? How do they get their food? What kinds of food do they eat? How much do they eat, and how often? Who is responsible for distributing food and other resources? By what methods are resources distributed?

How is labor divided among the people you are studying? Do different people do differnet kinds of things, or do all people do more or less the same things? Are some jobs more important than most? If so, what are they? Who does these jobs? How are they selected? What are some less important jobs? What proportion of the people does each of these kinds of work? If labor is divided, how well does the present arrangement seem to be working?

Are the people you are studying, as a group, net consumers, net producers or neither? Are they mostly importers or exporters of food? Of energy (other than food)? Of raw materials (other than food)? Of manufactured goods? Of services? Of organic wastes? Of inorganic wastes? Do these people, as a group, depend on outside sources of food, energy, raw materials, etc.? Do they generare pollution that fouls the environment of other people? Is their ecosystem in balance?

Question Set Three: Ritual and Religion:

Rituals are acts that people perform in the same way time after time. By sharing in the performance of rituals people may reaffirm their membership in a social group or their allegiance to its ways of doing things. By sharing in the performance of religious rituals people may affirm a traditional relationship between themselves and the supernatural world, sometimes including the spirits of dead people and sometimes including the spirits of plants or animals. (Habits are much like rituals, but they do not serve these social or religious functions for a group of people.)

What rituals do the people you are studying perform? What do the people affirm by participating in these rituals? What rituals do the people perform for births? For Marriages? For Divorce? For deaths? For illness?

Question Set Four: Leadership, Power and Rules:

Who are the leaders of the people you are studying? Almost every culture has leaders. Are there leaders who serve as official symbols of one or more groups of people? Are there leaders who have power to make decisions that affect the lives of many other people? Are the symbolic leaders and the holders of power the same people? Who are they? What would happen if the most important leaders died suddenly?

Who has power over the people you are studying? Are the lives of the people much affected by decisions made elsewhere, by individuals who are not among these people? Among the people themselves, is power concentrated in the hands of a relatively few people, or is it dispersed? Who has power? How do people become powerful? What do holders of power do?

What rules govern the lives of the people you are studying? Every culture has some sort of rules. Who makes the rules? How do they make rules? Who enforces rules? How do they enforce rules? What are the most important rules? Could the most important rules be changed? How?

Question Set Five: Family Life and Child Rearing:

What constitutes a family among the people you are studying? What would happen if the people were required by some powerful outside force (such as a national government) to change their ideas about families and their ways of forming families?

How do children become members of the culture of the people you are studying? How do children come to think of themselves as members of the culture? How do they come to accept the ways in which the people around them do things? What sort of events might make children reject this culture or make them want to change it?

What roles exist in families among the people you are studying? How are the roles of males and females the same? How are they different? How does a person among the people you are studying become an adult? How are the roles of adults and children the same? How are they different? Are there roles for "teenagers" among these people? If so, what are these roles?

Question Set Six: Ways of Thinking and Acting About Health, Disease and Death:

Questions:

How do the people you are studying define "health"? What do they think causes or contributes to health?

How do the people you are studying think disease occurs? What do they think causes or contributes to disease? What do they do to prevent disease? What do they do to detect disease? What do they do to cure disease?

How do the people you are studying explain death? What do they do when a death occurs? What do they do with the body of a dead person? What, if anything, do they believe occurs after death?

Question Set Seven: The Western View of Health and Disease:

Questions:

Are the people you are studying generally healthy by Western medical standards? Are there prevalent diseases? If so, what are they? What causes them? Do they affect any particular groups among the people more than others? If so, what groups are most affected? Are there frequent epidemics? If so, what kind? What causes them?

How does disease affect the lives of the people you are studying? What percentage of infants live beyond their first year? How old do people generally live to be? What proportion of the people are likely to be incapacitated by disease at any given time? During what proportion of the life span is an individual likely to be incapacitated by disease?

How do Western medical principles affect the health of the people you are studying? What medical facilities are available to the people? What proportion of the people have access to these facilities? Do particular groups among the people have an easier time than others getting access to these facilities? If so, which groups? Why?

Question Set Eight: Nutrition and Health:

What is the diet of the people you are studying? According to the information you can gather and the estimates you can make, what is an individual's average daily intake of calories, protein, essential amino-acids, carbohydrates, saturated and unsaturated fats, vitamins and minerals? In what nutrients is this diet deficient? In what nutrients is it excessive?

How does diet affect the health of the people you are studying? Are there prevalent deficiency diseases among the people? If so, what are they? What nutrients are lacking? Are there common diseases that may result from excessive intake of certain nutrients? If so, what are the diseases and the nutrients?

Could the people you are studying improve their diet? How could the people improve their diet with the resources they have at hand--that is, without having to pay out a lot of money or import a steady supply of something?

Question Set Nine: Health, Ideas and Social Structure:

How do the ideas of the people you are studying affect their health? Do the people have attitudes, preferences or beliefs about health that might hurt their health by Western medical standards? Do they have attitudes or preferences that might protect their health by these standards?

How does the social structure affect the health of the people you are studying? Are some groups among the people more likely than others to get sick? If so, why? Are some groups among the people more likely than others to get health care? If so, why?

How does family life affect the health of the people you are studying? Do the people have household or family roles or relationships that might be bad for their health by Western medical standards? Do they have such roles or relationships that might protect their health by these standards?

Question Set Ten: Health and Environment

Questions:

How does the physical environment affect the health of the people you are studying? Are there things in the physical environment--geography, climate, plant life, animal life, man-made things --that make people very likely to get some diseases? If so, what are the environmental influences and what are the diseases? Are there things in the physical environment that might protect people from some diseases? If so, what are the environmental influences and what are the diseases?

How do ways of getting a living out of the environment affect the health of the people you are studying? Do people do work that exposes them to the danger of getting some diseases? If so, what kinds of work and what diseases? Do people do work that protects them from some diseases? If so, what kinds of work and what diseases?

How does disease affect the relationship between the environment and the people you are studying? Does disease threaten the ability of the people to survive as a culture in the environment? Does disease help protect the people by preventing overpopulation?

How does Western medicine affect the people you are studying? How does it affect their health? How does it affect their lives in other ways?